

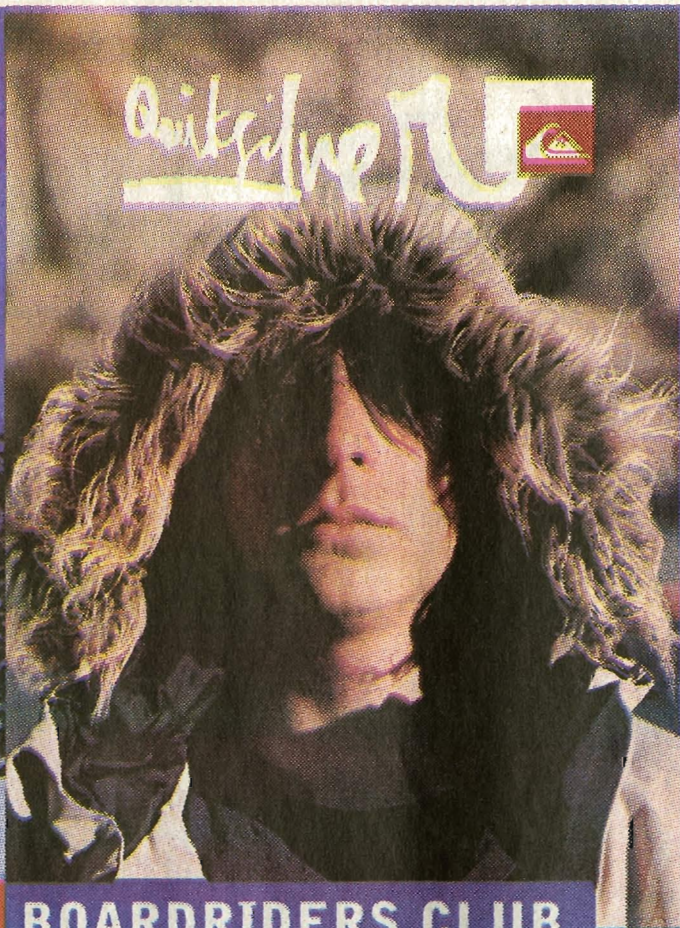
SLUG MAGAZINE

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ALWAYS FREE



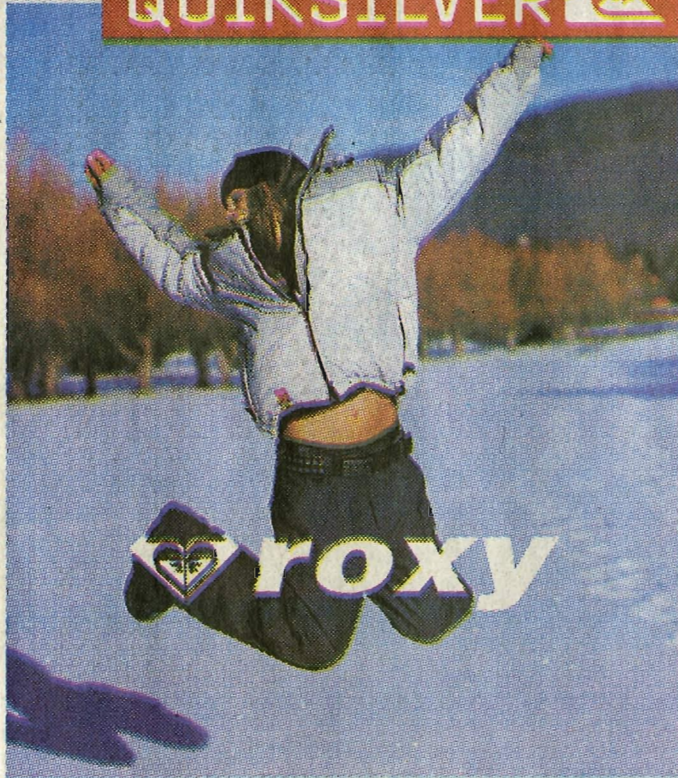
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NOVEMBER 2003

"Neither Humorous Nor Appropriate"

14 YEARS!

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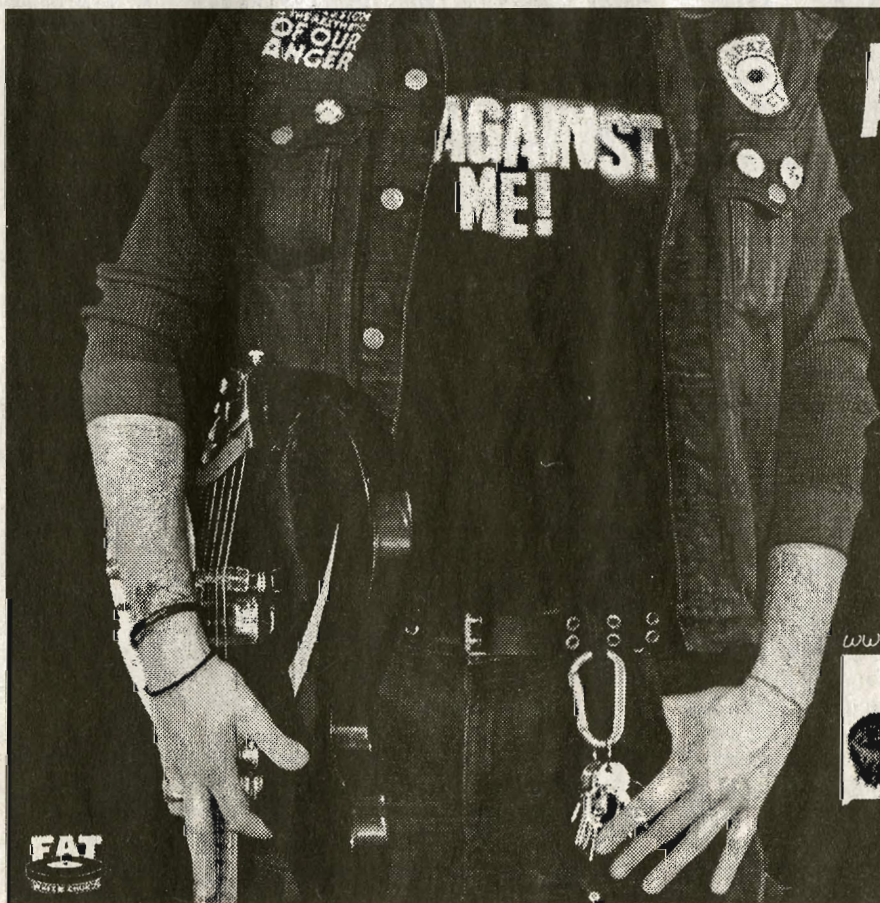
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This month's letters were answered by Shannon "Bardogg" Barnson

Dear fuckin' dickheads!!!!
Hi. I love you.
My career as a local musician sucks. I don't care 'bout no money or nothin. Everything sucks & the world is against me. I've played in a million bands in SL and dedicated half my life to both of them. Everytime a band moves someone in this town, most of the SL folks spend all of their energy rippin em down. Rock is not a fuckin click. My current "solo" band is not punch ya in the face loud, and few venues support good enough sound (or soundpeople) to handle that. I am not stoked on playing live in S.L. Rareley enough people go to shows to LISTEN to music as

apposed to using whatever bar as their non-memeber mating grounds. I don't like most of what I hear when I go into a club, do I have to club my listeners with a fucking hammerhead of distortion and bullshit, or can I trust the loc's to fucking listen. I REALLY don't know. I'm afraid I guess that if my hometown don't listen why would anyone else? I guess my real question is: Can I command the respect of having people listen to the music as apposed to talking louder over it? Fuck you and all that have come in fucking contact with you DiCkHeAd!!!! Peace be unto you.

-N8

jackin' off and come out to this shameless plug in : punk rock soccer at SLC's liberty park Sunday at four pm by the drum circles.

-Zed Bailey

We punks here in the office have better things to do on a Sunday afternoon, like vomit Pabst and 7-11 hotdogs that we injected the night before. Besides that we hate those goddamned hippies. I would personally be too busy shoveling percussion instruments up their stinky asses to make like Pelé. On a side note, do you think all those jackasses will take this pretending-to-be-a-hippie thing all the way and in 20 years meet up in the park to trade stock tips compare luxury vehicles and steal people's pensions? Oh, I hate all of them so goddamned much.

watup dickheads, man I have this really shitty problem, I've been dealing a mess of shit to my family because of some of my ideals, I believe that this life is a pilgrimage towards abundant life, that this planet and its purpose is to awaken your spiritual self. wether by drugs or art or anything that gives you that "lifting" moment. My family thinks you have to sacrifice your youth and become old and rich with fake treasures, that there is no time for art, no time for searching what cannot be seen by most. Okay dickheads, what is your opinion and since I believe SLUG is a promoter of "foreign" art, what sort of steps in life have ya taken from being a shitty person to an artist by the name dear dickheads... you cool I expect an answer.

-paz

Well the first thing I would do is get a job and move out of your parents' basement. This move will cut in the amount of X you can buy to "awaken your spiritual self" but it makes it harder for your parents to find you to bitch at your wasted ass. Also, save this shit for Doctor Phil, I am just a dickhead.

Dicks,
I am the drummer for the band, "the4923" (fortynine twentythree), and I would just like to say that no one appreciates the poor job that Club Axis did promoting the local bands here in Utah. They were supposed to have a free show every thursday night featuring many local bands here in Utah. We were invited to play on the 21st of August, but they canceled the show not giving us much notice. We had done a lot of promoting to get many people to attend. Understandably conflicts occur in scheduling, but the least they could have done was tell the bands more in advance that the show they were scheduled to play would be canceled. They did it to us twice. Both times without more than two days notice, which to me doesn't seem like a very good way to build up your name with the people here in the valley. For all the work we did promoting the two shows that got canceled, we had to do just as much calling people back to let them know that the show was cancelled. Where is the integrity, and responsibility? I just want to let you know that now, many of our friends and family will never give out a good word about Club Axis again. Maybe there is just bad communication, but whatever it is, it isn't making their image any better. Thanks for your time,

-Ben Reese

Hey dummy, have you ever considered that maybe you just stink? Try to channel some of the energy you spend on writing whiney letters into crafting a decent song and you might really have something. Oh yeah, fuck you too.

Dear Dillrods--
Kudos to Camilla Taylor for interviewing local bands with a friendly and open approach. While too many dorkweeds in this town are fascinated by Peter Breinholt or import metal from the hinterlands of Hoth (where D&D decoder rings mosh with druid faeries), it's nice to see local bands receive coverage front and center in SLUG. Thanks Camilla. Keep on truckin'.

-Christian Arial

Yeah, Camilla is keen and hot too! She's rockin' this whole wildcat Lisa Lobe gone bad vibe ... I hope this reply does not violate the conditions of the restraining order ...

Dear Dickheads,
Do you have any punk rockers in the office? If so tell them to quit

SLUG

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On Sept. 19, 2003 I attended what was to be the last ever performance by Elliott Smith at the University of Utah's Redfest. It was just him sitting down accompanying himself on acoustic guitar. The show started off a little slow, as the U was having some problems with their outdoor sound system, but while things were being adjusted, he conversed with the audience. He said he went to Wild Oats for some health drinks. I'd never seen him before; he seemed very open and genuine, a little shy in his "I (heart) Metal" T-shirt. Then he ran through a lot of the songs that he is known for: "Memory Lane," "Long Long Long" and others, with his remarkably clear voice and undemonstrative yet mellifluous finger-picking tone. He stopped a couple of songs to start over in a different key, and wouldn't



Elliott Smith:

Aug. 6, 1969-Oct. 21, 2003

lost and trying to find some kind of happiness amidst the resignation of life's disappointments were never expressed more poignantly or profoundly, to the point where the young student audience seemed at pains to comprehend its depths. It was a singular evening. After the music ended and the crowd walked out under the night sky, I couldn't help having the feeling that this was a moment, like a faintly incandescent star quietly evaporating into darkness, that would never happen again.

—Stakerized

play a couple of requests like "Last Call" because he said they had too many words. The music he did play that night was incredibly expressive in his understated, slightly disheveled way that made it that much more moving. His

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BITCHES & BLUNTS

by Gared Moses

Influenced by **The Deftones**, **Bette Midler**, and **Thurl Bailey's Christmas Album**, this month's band pick is sure to knock your socks off. Straight rock n' roll is as far as I'll go in describing their genre. After eight months together, they're beginning to command a more sizely crowd than one might expect from a group this young.

Her Candane is their name. They frequent *Kilby Court*, *Club Vegas*, *Plan B*, *Starry Night* (Provo) and many other venues in and around our Desert. The only thing they don't do is shoot hoops. "We get a lot of 15-year olds at our shows," they explained to me with a little disappointment. They seem to want to move on to more of the older-age shows.

Drew (vocals), Mike (guitar), Billy J. Awesome (guitar), T.J. Fox (bass) and Clayton West (drums) all were in a band by the name of **Life Over Law**, with the exception of Billy, who is the toughest kid in Magna. Now they've grown up and are all rockin' harder than **Jesus** (they love him).

"Weed and money equals bitches and blunts," they admitted to me over a cup of cocoa. They told me about a time in junior high when Clayton slapped a girl's titty after she flashed him. "We're heartless."

I'm sure they didn't mean that. Billy told me about a time he hugged a bum and thought he got lice. Shortly after that, he regretted that he chased a cello-playing bum until he caught a cab, but further explained that the poor dirtbag was poking him with the bow (I know ... I'm not sure why a bum would catch a cab, either).



"We're not a hardcore band ... some people think we are," Drew explained. "We're the cutest band in Utah. We just do drugs and play rock n' roll. I don't know what else to say."

Their live set is one of the most well-articulated, energetic shows you'll ever see, and from the start, they're all real nice guys. They told me it's hard being in a band, but they all—at least somewhat—grew up together. That's probably the magic.

You can catch **Her Candane** live with **Clifton**, **Day of Less** and **Flat Line Syndicate** at *Club Vegas* (450 S. 400 W.) on **Tuesday, Nov. 11**. For the 15-year olds, they'll be at *Starry Night* in Provo on Friday, Nov. 14.



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Glass eater - Calico System
8pm - \$10

Wednesday November 26th

BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME



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SCARS OF TOMORROW
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Saturday December 20th

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On Broken Wings - The Agony Scene
Bring It Down
8pm \$10

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Gallery by Mariah Mann Stroll

So much art, so little time. This month we have a special treat for you lovely art patrons: two Gallery Strolls within three weeks! November's Gallery Stroll is right on schedule for the 21st of the month with the ever-so-popular **Holiday Stroll** scheduled for Dec. 5, which also coincides with the **AIDS awareness day** known as the "Day without Art." There's something for everyone, so grab a pen or take this guide along to find all the art your little heart desires!

Start a day early if you like ... Nov. 20, *Sugar House Art and Frame* present *A Night of Melodious R and R*, an exhibit and sale of original works by local artist **Gabriel Stockton**. Refreshments will be served along with live "roots" music by **Dan Weldon**. This exhibit is open from 6p.m. to 9p.m. and the *Sugar House Art and Frame* is located at 900 East 1409 South.

The Red Kiln Clay Connection, located at 393 East 1700 South, will display recent works by **Dory Walker** and **Myron Wilson** for the Nov. 21st Gallery Stroll. *The Red Kiln* specializes in clay sculpture art and handmade—not wheeled—worked items. The Holiday Gallery Stroll exhibit will offer great priced gift ideas for the hard-to-shop-for friend: Maybe they need a clay pod or a nice vase? *The Red Kiln* is open from 6p.m. to 9p.m. for all the gallery strolls.

The Home Fine Art Studio and Gallery located at 142 East 800 South has 15 artists on display in an exhibition titled *Dusk to Dawn ... Nightscapes*. The show will explore the colors of night. This exhibit will run until Dec. 20, with a reception during Holiday Stroll Dec. 5 from 6p.m. to 9p.m. You can also stop by during regular gallery hours from noon to 6p.m. Wednesday through Saturday.

The Forum Gallery is located at 511 West and 200 South Suite 110 in the Bridge Project, a project of Artspace. If you missed last month's exhibit featuring **13 local printmakers**, you can still view the show along with this month's show of **13 sculptresses** for a total of **26 artists**! The forum has also recently opened up a new gift-shop space for local artists to sell their wares. You can check out this show from 6p.m. to 9p.m. on either Nov. 21 for Gallery Stroll or on Dec. 5 for Holiday Stroll.

Arrow Press Square Studios is home to several artists and their working studios. They are not hard to find if you know where to look. Enter the space under the red Benihana sign on 165 South and West Temple and go to the top floor. They are open every Gallery Stroll from 6p.m. to 9p.m. and display their most recent works along with their works in progress.

They're back! Local artists **Derek Mellus**, **Alex Ferguson** and **Eric Delphenich** have been on a brief hiatus, but the doors will be open again for Holiday Stroll and their 3rd Anniversary show. These gentlemen have spent the last three years opening up their personal studio to the public on Gallery Stroll. Sometimes you'll find their work displayed, but oftentimes, they offer up their space for other local artists to display their work. Their mission is to bring art to the people. With a fresh coat of paint on the walls and a new year ahead of them, they are now accepting proposals and slides for 2004. Submissions are due Nov. 15 and can be mailed to *Studio* at 351 West Pierpont Ave #2, Salt Lake City UT 84101. The Anniversary Show will run from 6p.m. to 10p.m. and as always, is one night only, Dec. 5th, so don't miss it.

Art Access Gallery, located at 339 West Pierpont Ave., will host its Annual Holiday Exhibit with 16 unique Utah artists. The exhibit will hang from Nov. 21 through Dec. 19. *Art Access* will offer two receptions to the public; one for the Nov. 21st Gallery Stroll and again on Dec. 5 for Holiday Stroll. You'll find a wide range of art mediums, from found object constructions to oil paintings. There's something for every person on your Christmas list. Local artist **Martha Klein** has been asked to offer her creative flavor to the **Art Access Christmas Tree**. Always a fun, festive event!!

This is never a complete list, just the tip of the iceberg! If you would like to inform the art-eager masses on where your next show will be, please e-mail me at mariahm@worldstrides.com and we'll try and get the word out there for you. **SUPPORT LOCAL ART!!!!**

Localized

By Camilla Taylor – Incessantly Pedantic

Localized for the chilly month of November will be featuring the unusual machinations of Rope or Bullets, The Purr Bats and Ursula Tree. Localized is a monthly music showcase of local talent sponsored by *SLUG Magazine* at the Urban Lounge, which is, to repeat for the umpteenth and seemingly unnecessary time, a private club for members only.

I Wish That I Could Fit All of the Purr Bats into My Pocket

Kyrbir: Sweet songbird chirping

David: Over 100 chords of synthesizer, organ and electric piano

Paul: Penis lick

Amber: Bang! Bang!

Scott: Full of fresh moves

Ursula Tree Speaks Softly to Lull You into a State of Complacency.

Lincoln Lysager: Vocals, songs, guitars, accordion, etc.

Brad Wheeler: Harmonica, and diddy bo.

David Parish: Guitars.

Rachel Bergwall: Violin.

I broke with my new policy and agreed to meet the Purr Bats at their practice space. I don't think that I am capable of refusing them. They are like puppets that outgrew their fuzzy costumes but still retain the same mannerisms.

"Do you want history? This is Kyrbir's history. He was in a band called Mary Throwing Stones in '89 and then Puri-do," David explains. "I and Kyrbir were in Puri-do together with a bunch of guys from The Scrotum Poles and Eli from The Wolfs. As those guys phased out, I joined the group, and then Paul joined at the last minute. Then Kyrbir left. This group is kind of a new thing, but spiritually, it's a direct pickup of Puri-do." They cover some of the old songs and it's still spastic, as Kyrbir puts it. They're warm and fuzzy, but with a dark, potentially bloodsucking edge. Hence, the name Purr Bats, like a cuddly little monster.

"We'd go straight to London and go to Greenwich. Eat at Bricklane and then we'd record. And I'd put out so many different bands' albums." Kyrbir responds to the question of what they would do if given a million dollars.

"And get designer furry animal costumes. I'd be a skunk," says Amber. She'd provide her own aroma from playing drums in a costume like that.

"You could be a lemur. A ring-tailed lemur," Kyrbir says to David. David thinks that Paul should be the ring-tailed lemur.

Scott, in his absence, is assigned numerous strange and none-too-flattering animals. He could be a pig, suggested David. Or a caterpillar, says Kyrbir. They consider a salamander, because he would have to be kept moist while onstage with spray bottles and he could prospectively leave behind a small puddle of slimy fluid. I end by asking them if there is a God.

"I've just decided two weeks ago, no," Kyrbir says decisively.

"God is down my pants," David scandalously replies.

"I say God is pi. It's a mathematical equation or ratio that's everywhere; in everything that's natural," says Amber.

Paul sums up the matter by saying, "I saw a cartoon that had God in it once. All cartoons are good."

I have to catch a flight in less than two hours and Ursula Tree is late for our meeting. But they are so interesting and friendly that I soon get into a better mood as I listen to the weird reminiscing of this odd group.

"Lincoln's the soul of the band," Brad tells me as Lincoln is waiting to get a cup of coffee. "Davey and I live in Ogden together. I would come down with Davey because he had practice with Lincoln. I started going over to Lincoln's house and at first I thought that he was kind of weird with his crazy sea shanties and weird folksy songs. Then I started playing with them and we had this show at the *Dead Goat* with the Purr Bats. It was one of the most awesome shows that I have ever played. Kyrbir [from Purr Bats] and Lincoln live together. It's like Lincoln plays the show for Kyrbir and Kyrbir plays the show for Lincoln."

Lincoln is wearing a measuring tape as a tie. He explains, when asked, that it is the measure of the man. Lincoln and Brad routinely break into song during the interview, including a Swedish song which Lincoln wrote about cows.

"Just to provide some scope, there's only been one official release, and that was about 10 years ago. That was more based in soundscape. Longer pieces than some people like to call experimental music," Lincoln says. They do what Brad describes as a cross between *A Mighty Wind* and *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*. Lincoln disagrees with this description yet does not offer an alternative.

"I just try not to ruin the songs when I play. I try to leave as much space there as I possibly can," Davey says. They all work in the middle of the night and this is early for them to be getting up. They all speak in droning, monotonic sleepy voices. They don't think that they are hip and Lincoln says that this will be the first time that he has ever been in the *Holy Cow*. (The *Holy Cow* was replaced by *Da Phat Squirrel* and that was later replaced by *The Urban Lounge*).

"The best songs that I've written I don't feel like I have written. They've been around for a long time and they grow and they develop their own personalities and then they bite your head off," says Lincoln.

Hey SLUG Queen...



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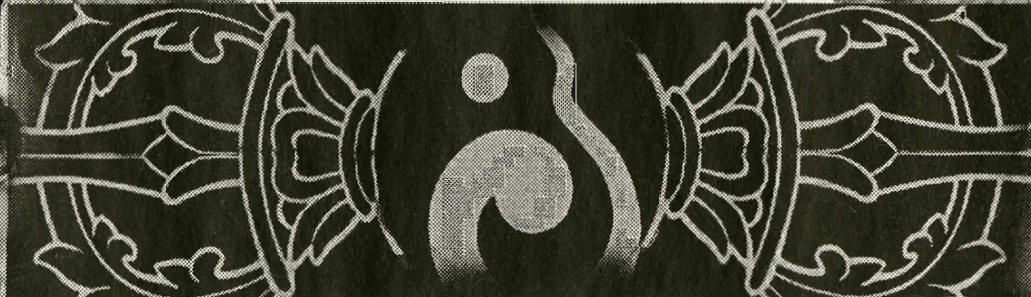
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Don't Call Us Artists

By Ricky Stink

I am guilty of judging everybody. I don't even need to speak two words to an individual and I know what that person is all about. I know this train of thought might come across as being ignorant or close-minded, but 99 percent of the time I am right about my snap judgments. Unfortunately, this is the 1 percent where I am wrong. With a Mack truck on the cover of a previous album, and songs like "double clutchin' finger fuckin'," I was all but positive Speeddealer was pulling the white-trash card.

SLUG: Your band is known for its rigorous touring schedule with somewhere around 300 shows per year. How much drugs are consumed in an average year?

SD: A lot of beer, vodka, Crown, and if it is offered to certain individuals, just about anything. As to an overall quantity, I couldn't put down a figure.

SLUG: Talk about how and why the new album *Bleed* took 2 days to record when your previous album, *Second Sight*, took 2 months.

SD: Because of the time and money mainly. I would be lying if I didn't say that we chose to make it quickly on purpose in order to capture more of a live rawer feel than our previous effort. *Second Sight* was an anomaly; our previous records were all done in one day, 5 days, and one week, respectively.

SLUG: Tell me the difference between *Speeddealer* of 1993 versus 2003.

SD: For starters, we aren't completely shitfaced drunk/on mushrooms/(choose your medicine), before each show. I believe we write better songs and have become stronger musicians. Let's not forget the numerous member changes either ... too fucking many.

SLUG: Why so many departures in the outfit? Who is the culprit of most of the strife?

SD: Things don't work out for one reason or another, plain and simple. As to there being a culprit: It is always the ousted ... sure.

SLUG: Compare and contrast the differences between the two albums *Bleed* and *Second Sight*.

SD: I think *Bleed* is a little more cohesive, although much "rattier" in tone. *Second Sight* was not a very well-received record by most of our listening audience, and to be honest, I can see why in some ways. Although we do stand behind our music, firmly, we also believe it was a bit too polished, and I do believe that term, "polished," is the main difference between the two discs. Let's face it: We are neither pretty nor clean.

SLUG: Is it true that on your last album, Jason Newsted tried to make you shed the "white trash" image?

SD: Not sure what that one means, although I do know where it stems from, and it is a tag that I personally do not identify with on any level. The semi on the cover of the brown REO record and our old bassist Rodney sort of perpetuated that theme, true. But anyone who knows myself or Eric or Harden quickly realizes it does not apply (nor to Rodney for that matter). It is a label that is mainly attached by those in the North/Northeast and Canada. I will say this; we would rather be called "white trash" than "artists" any day. That is a term, much like "clever," which to my way of thinking, is quite an insult.

SLUG: Why the switch to *Dead Teenager*? Did you get kicked off Palm?

SD: We actually discussed making another record with Palm, insanely enough, but both parties decided that we should part ways due to the obvious fact that they didn't know what to do with a band such as ours and we did not fit in with a label such as theirs. *Dead Teenager* offered to get our record out quickly and promised to make sure that it was in the right type of stores, which we shall soon see, hopefully.

SLUG: Why is our country full of such PC pussies?

SD: Because we are a nation of victims.

SLUG: What needs to be done to change this?

SD: Stop blaming others, stop listening to and buying self-help and pop-psychology bullshit, and start taking control and responsibility. I know that sounds simplistic, but it is a beginning, at least.

SLUG: When was the last time you or any of your bandmates were in a fight? What happened?

SD: I knocked the shit out of some guy in Hickory, N.C., on this last tour. He wouldn't stop jumping on stage and trying to "help" me play guitar, hence I "helped" him see the light, and the floor.

SLUG: In a "Steel Cage No Holds Barred Match," who would win, Jason Newsted or J.D. Pinkus and why?

SD: Well, Jason is definitely in better shape, but Pinkus has that certain fight inside himself, that intangible which might give him the edge, especially when you're talking no-holds barred.

SLUG: Who do you want to fistfight most?

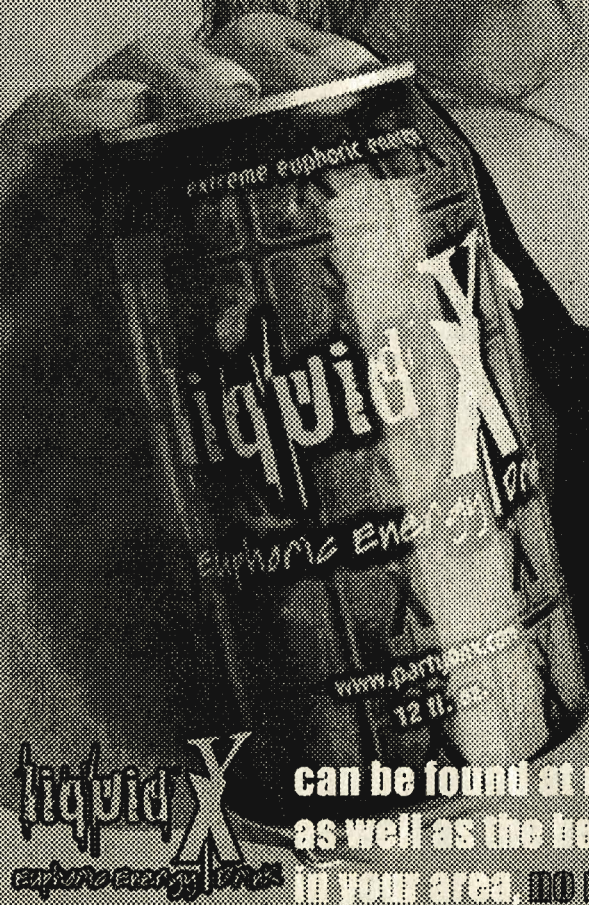
SD: Most of the time myself, for all the obvious reasons.

Speeddealer's new album *Bleed* is now available. Tell your favorite local music store to order it or visit *Dead Teenager's* website.

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Books **ALOWD**

Fast Food Nation: The Dark Side of the All-American Meal

By Eric Schlosser
Perennial Publishers

Reviewed by Nate Martin

Do you feel like a cunt after you eat at McDonald's? You should. If you don't, you will after reading this book. I admit a great deal of intimidation overcame me when I was given the assignment of reviewing a New York Times bestseller, which was also reviewed by the Columbia Journalism Review, The New Yorker and the Washington Post. Fast Food Nation has been compared to both Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* and its horn-blowing contemporary Bowling for Columbine. Despite the (well-deserved) hype, I found, and continue to find an almost ridiculous number of educated, otherwise-aware people who have heard plenty of rantings and ravings about this book but have never bothered to pick it up. Keeping this in mind, I write now not only to persuade the average SLUG reader to give serious consideration to the facts and opinions enclosed in this muckraking masterpiece, but also to encourage them to spread the word to anyone and everyone they know. I cannot think of a single American who would not benefit from reading this book.

When I started to reread *Fast Food Nation* in order to write this review, I began underlining all of the fucked-up shit that the fast food industry is responsible for. My pen quickly ran out of ink...literally. Schlosser sneaks behind the counters of every national fast food chain, rolls up his sleeves and sinks his probing pen deep into the fat vats. What he extracts is a collective of facts and stories with subjects ranging from abused workers to decimated industries; from animal cruelty to billion-dollar lobbying; and from cutthroat globalization to the little particles of shit found in nearly every hamburger you eat. The material is as well-researched and credible as it is shocking, and the scariest part is that everything is going exactly as fast food moguls planned. These indiscretions are intentional, and are supported by everyone who succumbs to the temptation of a fast, cheap, uniformly tasty meal. Schlosser writes, "This year,

Americans will spend more on fast food than on higher education." This sounds typical for this country, but as usual, it doesn't have to be. The chances of Fast Food Nation making you completely swear off gorditas forever is slim, but as the New York Times reports, "Schlosser makes it hard to go on eating fast food in blissful ignorance." This problem is bigger than it seems.



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HeadPhones

by Nick James

Check out the following shows this month: Friday, Nov. 14, *The Fource Collective* presents *Intimate drum and bass sessions v.6* featuring **JUUU** (San Francisco) @ the **W Lounge** and on Thursday, Nov. 27, *Elevate* presents **Kaskade** @ **Club Naked**. Also, on Friday, Nov. 21, *Midas* presents **Thomas Sahs** at the **W Lounge**. Hope you enjoy and give us some feedback—what do you want to see?

—nickjames@slugmag.com.

Atomphunk Aftergroove 3am

Being the latest edition to the 3am family, Ged Craughwell, a.k.a. Atomphunk, is the man behind this jazzed-out and funk-up *Aftergroove* EP. Perfect for what it is—3am—this track blends well with any of the Soulfuric or Inspirit flavors. Rhodes piano, discothèque bass and sweet strings fill the majority of the track—flipside with an ultra

disco hi-hat, same groovin' rhythm. www.3amrecordings.com

Mark Farina Air Farina OM Records

The long-awaited release of Mark Farina's all-original music LP has arrived. Need I say more? Having been the godfather of "Mushroom Jazz" and starting the San Francisco Sessions Series, Air Farina is a wild, chunky, funky and sampled loopy ride into the mind of the master. Featuring guest appearances as Kaskade, People under the stairs, Lance Desardi and Sean Hayes—get ready to fasten your seatbelts and enjoy the trip. www.om-records.com

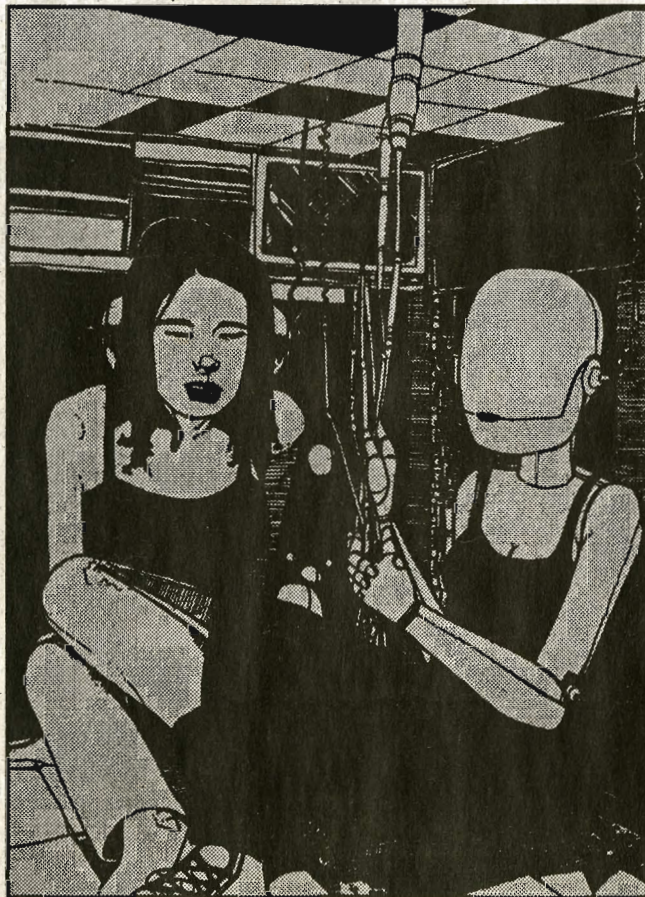
London Electricity Different Drum Hospital Records

This remix of a "Different Drum," produced by frontman Tony Colman, is a blend of music that is enjoyed by all music-lovers

around the globe. Featuring a remix by Phuturistix, this version is a sultry slow house down-tempo groove with a Latin edge with additional ad libs from Lianne Carrol. The other two mixes include Dillinja and Photek; especially the Photek—which is one of the most convincing tracks to convert any DJ into a drum & bass styler. www.hospitalrecords.com

Various Artists Mind Body and Soul Phase 3 Defunked

From UK-based label Defunked comes a very exciting style—infusing house, jazz, soul and funk into stepped-up styles and vocal flarin' drum & bass. Defunked is on the money with their motto, "reinvent the content." Featuring tracks by Carlito, Kaleb and Funk n' Flex, to name a few—these tracks are some of my favorites I've heard in quite awhile. If you're Nicola Conte or Koop players, then have a listen and check it out. www.defunked.co.uk



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- 15 karaoke
- 17 student lounge w/ dj rebel
- 19 daniel day trio
- 20 the body
- 21 le force w/ i am electric
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- 23 mona w/ handjobinvolved
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- 28 starmy
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Soundtrack for the Soul: A Brief History of the Career of Kaskade

By Nick James – nickjames@slugmag.com

Since the beginning, there are always those that consistently achieve great success. Usually it starts in the heart and bleeds out to the multiple marketplaces of the world, from our radios, nightclubs and home stereo systems—the music derived from the soul tends to be our personal top picks. Though many of today's world perceive all dance music as "techno," there are those of you out there that understand and appreciate the pure sounds of "house music." Having been said to originate in Chicago in the early 1980s, house music has now become a common denominator across the world. Even in such cities as our own, the disco, jazz and soul sounds of house music can be sought and found, commonly in late night lounges and alternative radio.

SLUG Magazine spoke with one man that has not only directly influenced the electronic music scene along the Wasatch Front but is now taking his vision against the forces of the world. He has released the biggest single off *OM Records*, "it's you, it's me," and mixed-up the *San Francisco Sessions Four* with new single "Soundtrack to the Soul," featuring **Anthony Green** [from Salt Lake City]. DJ/producer **Ryan Raddon**, a.k.a. **Kaskade**, is not only changing the face of "techno music" or properly put, "house music," however, brilliantly redesigning the sounds and the culture of it—he is making himself into an indispensable player of the house nation.

"Being a teenager in the 80s and raised in Chicago" Raddon confesses, "I was interested in the sounds of new wave and early punk... it was crazy times; from there I got turned onto house music by being exposed to such influences as **DJ Frankie Knuckles**"—during the Godfather's Friday night residency at **Club Medusa**. Around 1992, the soon-to-be partner of *Mechanized Records* moved to *Salt Lake City*.

"I was surprised that SLC, unlike Chicago, didn't have a Friday night mix show of house music on the radio," he says. Raddon was determined to create a sense of culture behind the curtain of Zion. He continues, "Working with *Mechanized* and creating a Monday night residency at **Club Manhattan**; I found myself growing more interested in the production and writing of music."

Being involved in many projects under different monikers

such as Kaskade, **Late Night Alumni** and more recently, **Members Only**, Raddon started producing music in and around '97.

"A turning point came when I released 'what I say' on *OM Records*," he says. It had a prodigious impact. "It was a huge success along the West Coast and propelled the name Kaskade into a larger platform than before," he says. From there, Raddon later moved to San Francisco with his wife Naomi and was drawn to the scene that parented the music of some of the greatest producers and DJs to this day.

Raddon says, "I moved to San Francisco and established myself as the A&R assistant to Chris Smith [a.k.a. DJ Fluid], president of OM Records, all of which became a three-year adventure." Later, he resigned because of the ever-increasing demand of being the DJ/producer that he has become.



From there, Kaskade has released tracks under labels including *Naked Music* and *Inspirit*. Producing and remixing in the studio to the decks in venues all around the world.

"Some of my favorite places are—believe or not—Ireland, people appreciate house music there and more know places such as Spain and London for the **Lazy Dog Nights** created by duo **Ben Watt** and **Jay Hannan**." Raddon is optimistic about the scene that has embraced him with such open

arms. "My future plans include production for new releases due next year and constant tours around the world with CD release parties for my new album, released October of 2003—*Soundtrack to the Soul*."

If there ever was an art form more intact with the elemental rhythms of the heart and soul, it's house music. It was founded by a small group of people in a region around the Midwestern United States and spread like wildfire across the country. Jazz, soul and disco have been genetically altered and redefined by painters with a record instead of a brush, a turntable instead of canvas. Praise to Kaskade for capturing the essence of living and magically holding our attention for awhile and preserving us in a state of bliss.

Check out **Kaskade** this autumn at **Club Naked on Nov. 27**.

For more info:

www.om-records.com

Glitter Gutter Trash

By Ryan Michael Painter
rien@davidbowle.com

For whatever reason, trends come and go and as of late, it isn't very hard to notice the influx of **Journey** record sales to go along with the second coming of post-punk bands like **Interpol**, **BRMC** and **British Sea Power** (to be reviewed next month). It isn't too farfetched to believe that stock in black mascara is about to rise. Keeping with the trends, we'll touch on some darker material before rolling into some, well, not nearly as dark material.

Redemption

The Further We Fall

Local goth-rock favorites **Redemption** finally release their debut after years of periodic gigs and lineup variations. The light electronics, heavy-hitting drum machines, swirling 12-string guitars against rock riffs and deep vocals with a sense of dramatic presentation owes a considerable debt to **The Sisters of Mercy**, **The Mission** and perhaps most distinctively, pre-**Tyranny of Inaction** **Rosetta Stone**. Given that it would be easy to simply group **Redemption** in with **The Merry Thoughts**, **Funhouse** or any number of European bands that popped up in the late 80s, burned off the fumes of a once vibrant scene into the early 90s and ultimately did absolutely nothing to improve or progress the sound while **Andrew Eldritch** toiled in obscurity. Yet you can't deny that there is potential here and given time and experience, **Redemption** could find their own voice and nuances to add to the genre.

Domiana

The Sacred Heart

I've had this album for quite some time now, but it feels like a perfect moment to comment on this local release. Pulling on some of the same classic influences of drum machine, guitar-heavy gothic rockers, **Domiana** set themselves apart by incorporating elements of an awkward dark cabaret with a touch of theater of cruelty à la the **Sex Gang Children** and various avant garde theater groups that popped up in Europe during the mid-20th century (also coming back in vogue in recent years). Lyrically, they've opted for a less-explored approach by lifting influence and tone from various classic tales of macabre. It is not derivative goth, and for that reason, it may not reach the casual listener nor garner club play. It is an emotional experiment that at times succeeds and perhaps as often

fails. This, however, does not diminish the importance of bands in a rather stifled genre reaching out and trying to find new influences and direction.

Cruxshadows

Frozen Embers

Dancing Ferret

Having been given the American goth crown some years ago, **Rogue** and company continue on their course of mediocre synthpop with this collection of remixes. "Winter Born" is the band at their best, which is to say that it's a catchy, club-friendly dance number. The rest is filler with rather generic remix work provided by members of **Assemblage 23**, **Future Bible Heroes**, **Dreamslide** and **DJ Ian Fford**. Goth could do, and has done, far worse, but it's hard to imagine that the **Cruxshadows** will ever be mentioned in the same breath as **Clan of Xymox**, **Depeche Mode** or even **Mesh**, **De/Vision** or **Apoptygma Berzerk**.

Postal Service

Give Up

Sub Pop

Take **Benjamin Gibbard**, vocalist from beloved indie group **Death Cab for Cutie**, add the electronic genius of **Jimmy Tamborello** of **DnTel** fame with coloring provided by **Rilo Kiley's Jenny Lewis** and **Jen Wood**, and you've got a stunning document of pop minimalism. Call it anti-gratuitous and understated with an acute attention to detail with a touch of guitar, a hint of piano, a backing vocal sneaking around in the background. It won't change the world, but it might make it feel a bit warmer. Peaceful driving near midnight and perhaps everything would be better if we only could live in our dreams an hour longer by sleeping in. Finally, geeks with guitars and geeks with analog keyboards can get along, even if they have to do it via the United States Postal Service.

Papa M

Whatever Mortal

Drag City

Having served time with the likes of **Tortoise**, **Royal Trux**, **Stereolab** and **Silnt David Pajo** (a.k.a. Papa M) brings quite a bit of experimental brilliance with him and his guitar (and perhaps you marveled at this in person at Kilby last month when the live show rolled through and have no need

of me explaining why you should buy this album; you already know). At times, the album strolls as bare as **Springsteen's Nebraska**, haunting and lyrically stripped raw. From time to time the guitars jangle against a gentle drive of drums across a bleak countryside with the darkness closing in. I suppose you could call it alt-folk mixed with alt-country mixed with storytelling, sketches of lives blurred by voyeurs caught running by in the distance. Did I happen to mention a twisted sense of humor that slips through the cracks? You'll just have to discover that for yourself.

Various Artists

Blisscent II

Blisscent

If *Blisscent I* lacked anything, it was a good mastering, which has been completely rectified in this second collection, along with an even better selection of tracks from the underground rumblings of shoegazing circa 2003. I could complain that there aren't enough distorted rumblings à la **My Bloody Valentine**, but the album is so damn good that to complain about anything seems a bit ridiculous. It features tracks by **Silverman**, **The Autumns**, **Stars of Stage** and **Screen** and **Asobi Seksu**, among a slew of others. Somewhat moody and perfect for fall fading into winter listening.

Stars

Heart

Arts & Crafts

Once upon a time, college rock was intelligent and light years ahead of conventional wisdom and the pop charts. The Stars live in that faraway land of yesteryear where even the lightest of pop songs had substance to go along with its shimmer. Having already captured the hearts of many critics with their previous releases, this one included, I can happily report that on their latest offering, they've upped the ante, expanding from a duo to a quartet with additional harmony from **Amy Millan** to go along with **Torquill Campbell's** gentle vocals to rest upon the dream-laden guitar hooks and keyboard atmospheres provided by mainstay **Chris Seligman** and newcomer **Even Cranley**. *Heart* magically recalls both the soundscapes of **Air** and the pop coolness of **Saint Etienne** without a hint of pretentiousness. Wouldn't it be nice to be in love again?

MODUS OPERANDI

onearmyseven@kommandzero.net

I'm excited to have some Salt Lake bands giving me CDs to review. To all the local industrial bands who read this: Please send me music to review. There are so many talented people here and there are now several artists who are signed to major labels that get European distribution. May you all be inspired during the cold winter months to polish up the music and prepare for spring signings and shows.

In other news, **Killing Joke** will be performing at DV8 on Thursday, Nov. 6. Local act **23 Extacy** will be opening up. **Carphax Files** is having a CD release party at **Monks** on Thursday, Nov. 13. **Redemption's** frontman will also be making a special guest appearance at the show. Another **United Tour** will hit Salt Lake on Dec. 9th. **Pigface** and friends will be at DV8 with their final tour of the year.

Top 10 for November

1. **Suicide Commando** - *Axis of Evil*
2. **Converter** - *Exit Ritual*
3. **Frontline Assembly** - *Maniacal*
4. **Symbiont** - *Broken Silence*
5. **Carphax Files** - *Vengeance*
6. **Vromb** - *Locomotive a*
7. **Melotron** - *Sternenstaub*
8. **Iszoloscope** - *Au Seuil Du Neant*
9. **Cell Auto Mata** - *The Devil Is In the Detail*
10. **Merzbow** - *Merzbeat*

After the disappointing *Face of Death* single, **Suicide Commando** won me over again with the hard-hitting album to follow, *Axis of Evil*. The tragic single led me to believe that **Johann Von Roy** hit his peak with *Mindstrip* and would now take the unfortunate path of **Funker Vogt**. **Suicide Commando** doesn't necessarily create a new or different sound, but carry on with excellent harsh electro with crunchy distorted snares and lyrics about death, blood, suicide and, of course, evil. It starts off with a "staged" sample that seems perfect for the intro to a concert with fog filling the stage and a dim-lit cheering room: "Each year approximately one million people die from suicide." Regarding ever seeing a US tour, unless **Von Roy** gets over his fear of flying, many of us will not be lucky enough to witness such a thing. "The Reformation" and "Evildoer" have become two of my favorites with their **Decoded Feedbackish** melodies. Other favorites are, "One Nation Under God," "Morderfabrik" and even the album version of "Face of Death." The songs are quite predictable: 16 to 24 counts in, the medium snare begins, and another 16 to 24 counts later, the hard snare kicks in along with the beautiful growling. On this one, I don't care how predictable it is—it rocks.

For all those who have been offended by the recent **Symbiont** interview, please don't hold it against me for reviewing their latest. *Broken Silence* is a brilliant follow-up to last years' debut album, *Ology*. Eleven remixers have reworked the anguish of the Utah/Washington pairs lyrical nightmare. **Control.org** remixes "Aggro Culture"—a personal favorite—**God Module** and **System Syn** and **Aslan Faction** also kick it with some crunchy club-alicious remixes. **Railgun** and **Tearanine** (**Wrythe** from **Symbiont** with **Jason** from **Lapsed**) do quite the opposite of the club/EBM sound with droning anti-rhythms that create more of a mood than a stompy 4-on-the floor rendition. **Imperative Reaction's** **Ted Phelps** contributes vocals to "Tides that kill," a song dedicated to a late friend, **Jennifer Erickson**. While it is beautifully written and polished to perfection, it seems a little out-of-place on *Broken Silence*. The **Run Level Zero** remix of "Aggro Culture" has become my favorite. It is less predictable from the primarily EBM artists here. **Pneumatic Detach** has exchanged remixes with **Symbiont**. His latest remix album, *parenes: re-infected* is mixed up with a creative remix from **Symbiont**. He has returned the favor with a noisy thumpy remix of "needle in eye." Forget what you've ever felt or thought about **Symbiont** and purchase this for the excellent music that it is.

Frontline Assembly has been a longtime favorite of mine. When I learned that **Rhys Fulber** would be joining **Bill Leeb** for the "last" FLA album, it was like a dream come true. That particular duo has done the best work for the band. **Maniacal** definitely has the touch of **Fulber's** guitar and **Leeb's** aggressively deep voice. "Anti" and the two versions of "Maniacal" are a great teaser of what is to come in the future of the Vancouver act.

After about two years of getting successful club play and popularity in Salt Lake, **Carphax Files** has a full-length album that will be making the rotation on other DJs' playlists. The 11 tracks are consistent with hard punchy beats and growling lyrics dealing with **SIN's** views on current affairs and politics. The duo keeps some of our favorite songs, like "Another chance to kill" and "Violence in your eyes," and provide new ones (at least to me) such as "Pugnacious Fallacies" and "Solution." Take advantage of the amazing talent of these guys and come see them at **Monk's** on Nov. 13. To see these guys live is truly an experience.

Children Of Bodom

by: Chuck Berrett

The Grim Reaper has always been a figure of doom and macabre fortune. In the case of Finland's **Children Of Bodom**, the opposite is true. In step with the deepest roots of metal imagery, the reaper has been a symbol of this band since their first release, *Something Wild*, from 1997. "We just loved the first cover, so it was easy to keep on going. And it's kind of cool to have a mascot, like **Iron Maiden** has always had," the members proudly claim.

Most importantly, the music of **Children Of Bodom** speaks deafening volumes about their love for metal. Instrumentally, it's a whirling blizzard of racing rhythms delivered with robotic precision and accuracy. Riddled with indecipherable guitar leads and abundant keyboard dynamics, they triumphantly gallop through anthems that are as medieval as they are futuristic. This sound was defined this year to the fullest extent with their fourth release, *Hate Crew Deathroll*, on *Century Media Records*. A band with this much technique and skill must be classically trained, or so I thought.

"Classically? Aargh! Janne [Warman: keyboards] is basically jazz trained, Alexi [Laiho: vocals, lead guitar] is too. Not classical though. Of course classical lessons have been included in their education, but not that much," they responded.

From its earliest days, people have been dissecting and searching the screams of metal vocalists for deep or sinister meanings. I asked, "Are there any subjects you try to avoid while writing?"

"Not that we know of. At this point, we try not to think of what we should avoid. We can actually do whatever we want, and with the new album, we did stuff we wouldn't have been able to do 4 years ago because we didn't have the guts."

So what do they write about? "Everyday life problems, mental issues, personal love lives, the bad and cruel sides of things. It's all just therapy to get the bad things out of your head before it explodes. It's a cliché way to say it, but that's really how it works."

One thing I was always intrigued by was the origin of their name. What the hell are **Children Of Bodom**?

"We are all from Espoo, a city next to Helsinki. We have a small lake up here where people used to go camping. It's really beautiful," they began to explain. "One fine day in 1960 there were four kids camping overnight and they were attacked. Three of them were stabbed to death, one of them survived, but he had a complete blackout. Nothing was missing, there was no motive and he was never caught. It was a rare kind of homicide for Finland."

A band like **Children of Bodom** is hard to describe in the wide spectrum of metal subgenres. They aren't a specific nor typical sounding band. They simply describe themselves as, "Just metal. Not black, not power, just metal or death-metal if it has to be categorized. We don't really care that much actually. We just play that shit of ours and people like it or not. They can call it whatever names they want."

As members of the Scandinavian metal scene, these guys are very aware of the progress and growth that is happening on the European side of things. There has been an enormous uprising of melodic metal bands from that region since the early 90s. What's to be expected from this unmistakable sound that has become so prevalent in the North? Members of the band simply stated, "It has always been that way, and we guess it will stay that way. Scandinavia will always be known for its melodic death-metal."

It took America a while to catch on to this breed of brutal music, but once the fire was lit, it led to an inferno. **Children Of Bodom** debuted in the U.S. at the infamous **Milwaukee Metalfest** in 1999. It was reported by many sources that they stole the entire show. "It was cool. Such a surprising audience, I mean a lot of people were there for us, but not that many. Since then, we have looked forward to touring the U.S."

I asked how they do in the U.S., and they humbly replied, "The upcoming tour with **Dimmu Borgir**, **Nevermore** and **Hypocrisy** will be our first, so we'll see."

That is a huge bill to play on, and it must be somewhat of a "dream tour" for many metal bands. I asked if there were any other bands they would like to play with that they hadn't.

"**Slayer**," they abruptly answered. "It would be so cool to open up for those guys since we all love their music, and they seem to be nice guys, too. They are huge all over the world. Anywhere you go you'll see a lot of **Slayer** fans."

Needless to say, **Children of Bodom** are the real thing. No gimmicks, no banners or affiliations—just professional musicians giving their all to the music they love. The world of popular music is saturated with fake, commercial-friendly, fashionable bullshit. These guys look the way metal bands did when I was a little boy, and although **W.A.S.P.** or **Judas Priest** may have looked extremely dramatic in all of their leather glory, it just became the way of metal culture. Whether you enjoy the wailing synthesizers, screeching guitars, demonic vocals and pummeling speed drums of **Children Of Bodom** or not, you must respect their integrity. They simply let their music speak for them and offer no apologies in their destructive wake.

Make sure you catch them live at Club Bricks on December 3 with Dimmu Borgir, Hypocrisy, and the mighty Nevermore.



WASTED LIFE

BY
DAVE BARRATT

dave@slugmag.com

DEATHREAT

Consider it War LP

Not the tracksuit-wearing East Coast wigger-core band that spells "Death Threat" with two words, the real deaththreat is from Tennessee, play tough thickneck hardcore without being thick-headed, and have well-written lyrics about the rucked state of the world. For sounding so ggharly, it's surprising that every song stands out on its own and gets stuck in your head for days. A great headcore punk record, from the gloomy black & white layout, to the musicianship, to the D.I.Y. ethics that make hardcore mean something to misfits like myself/partners in crime, 6250 N.E. 6th Ave., Portland, OR 97211

MASSAKRO S.S.

Self-titled CD

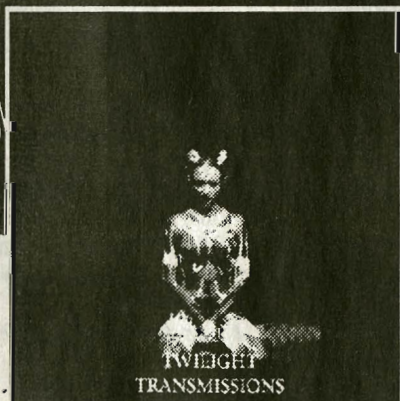
I knew I was on to something when I

opened the booklet and it said, "Rich emo Yankee, you will not pass here" in Spanish. Massakro S.S. belt out song after song of tuneless, apocalyptic crust -conjuring images of a fire-scorched battlefield covered with the charred remains of the dead. Metallic solos devoid of any known music theory rip through the background noise like shrapnel through the flesh of an innocent bystander and the recording is so unforgiving it does to ears what landmines do to arms and legs. In other words, it's perfect! Tercermundistas; APDO Postal #2489, C.P. 22000; Tijuana, B.C.N. Mexico, or tercermundistas@yahoo.com

Just when I was beginning to worry about my own paranoid conspiracy theories regarding globalization, I find out they're all true! I'd read the phrase "secret WTO meeting" in the paper and

pictured government cabinet members, corporate suits and media owners plotting their crackdown on the world and the propaganda war to back it up. My old man turned me onto a book called *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy* by Greg Palast. He's an American journalist working in Great Britain because few American newspapers will touch his stories. In *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*, he uses painstaking research and secret documents to show what the IMF, WTO and World Bank are really up to. Did you know Jeb Bush helped his brother win the election by unregistering almost 90,000 black and Hispanic voters? Palast has a copy of this computer program that did it and a thick chapter of the book that shows how it worked. You can read these articles on his website at Gregpalast.com. I'm not the only one who's paranoid and scared; check out Deathreat and Massakro S.S. reviews (above).

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SHOW & TELL

by Randy Harward

If you're one of the many who, on the 5th day of every month, wait by the newsstand, hoping with anticipation for a fresh stack of SLUGs, then you may benefit from this knowledge: **Spiritualized** is playing Club DV8 tonight with **Soledad Brothers**. Are you gonna make that scene? Or would you rather hit Kilby Court for Star Time Records buzzers **The Juggers**, a band that is just poppy and just weird enough to get the Bob Pollard Seal of Approval? They'll be joined tonight by **Noe Venable**, who is equal parts **Tori Amos** and **Hope Sandoval**.

Tomorrow night (the 6th, for those keeping score) sees **Killing Joke**, who after 20-plus years, apparently forgot they already released an album called *Killing Joke*, playing Club DV8 with **Amen**, the latest in the Ross Robinson's line of nü-metal, neo-punk bands.

Only six days into November and it's already painfully evident how much the loss of the Zephyr Club means to live music in Utah.

Ozma, **Deathray Davies** and **Arlo** will be at *Bricks* on the 7th. **Ozma** has a great album in them, but haven't quite made it after three tries; the most recent and profound incentive to keep listening would be *Spending Time on the Borderline*. Any of **DRD's** or **Arlo's** three releases top this one, though, so here's hoping folks stick around for their set.

Port O'Call, in the enviable position to pick up The Zephyr Club's runoff, can afford to be selective in what they book, since their existence isn't predicated on live music. They've got three on the calendar so far: **Bonepony** on the 8th (roots music with a little bit of cock-rockin' 'tude), **Cracker** on the 9th and (did I say selective?) **Coolio** on the 13th.

Also on the 9th: The Continental Drift Tour, featuring **As I Lay Dying** and **Behemoth** as well as **Six Feet Under**, which you may know is the band featuring ex-Cannibal Corpse vocalist **Chris Barnes**. I wonder how **As I Lay Dying**, a "Christian" death metal band, gets along with their tourmates, who are profoundly evil and/or gore obsessed.

Oh, oh, oh! Wanna see a hot band *not* at Club DV8? Try **Christiansen** at Kilby Court. Oh, wait ... fuck. It's at DV8. Not that DV8 sucks, but it's really disheartening to see the venue choices around here narrow like this. *Stylish Nihilists*, their debut, is the sort of album that makes you think there is hope for rock n' roll.

Nov. 12: if you missed the Continental Drift Tour, the MTV2 "Headbanger's Ball" Tour, here tonight at *Bricks* is almost the same thing, but worth a look if only for **Lamb of God**. As the *Palaces Burn* may not measure up to *New American Gospel*,



Agnostic Front
plays Bricks
Nov. 29.

but it's still better metal than most bands serve up nowadays.

Apollo Sunshine, **The Anniversary** and **Carrier** will be at Kilby. If you dig **Elephant Six**, or anything **Bill Doss** has ever touched, and don't mind a little sonic experimentation in your pretty pop songs, this show will make your pink parts purple.

On the 13th, you can head to DV8 to check out the *Girlz Garage Tour* (**Lillix**, **Northern State**, **Lennon**, **Brassy**, **theSTART**), if only to catch the *START* and our own girl rockers **Stiletto**. If not that, there's always **The Format**, **The New Amsterdams** and **Murder By Death** at Kilby.

14th: Go see **Kittie** and **Motograter** (a feast for the eyes and ears, with their interesting instrumentation) and 40 **BelowSummer** at *Bricks*. Or, if you have a wife or girlfriend that will simply die if she can't see **Good Charlotte**, **Eve 6** and **Goldfinger**, puss out.

There's only one worth a shit on the 16th: **Mad Caddies** and **The Queers** (go for the latter) at *Albee Square*.

Although *UtahConcerts.com* lists only **Zebrahead** and **Lucky Boys Confusion** at *Bricks* on the night of the 17th, *Pollstar.com* also has listed: **Anti-Flag**, **Against Me**, **ALO**, **None More Black** and **Rise Against**. If you like any of these bands more than **Slayer** (and if you do, Satan help you), check their websites and bug the labels for verification. Otherwise, be at *Saltair* for the *Jagermeister Music Tour* headlined by **Slayer**. **Hatebreed**, **Skinlab** and **Arch Enemy** are also on the bill. Bring bandages.

Except for Kilby Court's offering of **Maserati**, whose complex experimental shiz will freak ... you ... out ... stay home on the 18th.

On the 19th, the menu is huge. **Guster**, a sensitive, but genuinely smart and unpretentious band, is playing the *U of U Union Ballroom* (joined by the weird, fascinating **Trachtenburg Family Slideshow Players**—a mom, pop and daughter outfit that you must see to believe). **Modest Mouse** and **Hello Sequence** at *Liquid Joe's* is a safe bill—you really can't lose. Or can you? My official recommendation goes to **Those Peabodys** at Kilby. You like **AC/DC**? You dig

MC5? Miss *At the Drive-In*? You'll go apeshit over **Those Peabodys**. They opened for **Spoon** at *Joe's* about two years ago and even though **Spoon** kicked much booty, you couldn't forget **Those Peabodys**.

From here, as it does every year around this time, it all goes to Hell. At DV8 on the 20th, **Poison** lead singer **Bret Michaels**. A word of caution: solo shows by lead singers of butt-rock bands aren't pretty. Not even the greatest hits can save them.

Agnostic Front is at *Bricks* on the 29th. **Mondo Generator** (side project of **Kyuss/Queens** of the *Stone Age* guy **Nick Oliveri**) is at DV8 on Dec. 2; **Dimmu Borgir** and three other black metal bands (good music, but still stupid for believing in Satan) will be at *Bricks* on Dec. 3rd. *Vagrant Tour* on the 4th means you get to see **Alkaline Trio** (yay!), **From Autumn to Ashes** (eh ...), **No Motiv** (goody) and **Reggie and the Full Effect** (RAWK!).

Against Me!

By Carly Fetzer

I hate exclamation points! I hated **Against Me!** at first! Not because of their music but because of their name! But people, please, don't repeat my mistakes! Listen to **Against Me!** even if you too cannot stand the sight of those ugly marks of punctuation! The music is acoustically hardcore and full of nonviolent rebellion, everything that a growing boy or girl needs! I talked with **Thomas Gabel**, the guitarist, lyricist, vocalist, and only original member of the one-man-band-turned-four! Check it out!



feel comfortable writing about something unless it pertains to me personally. Your own personal life is a lot more politically relevant than abstract critiques on state and world policies. It's like those **Embrace** lyrics: Your emotions are nothing but politics. I don't know, maybe this is just me feeling like I'm not that educated and can't compete on a scholarly, intellectual, fully political level.

SLUG: You've been writing music since you were 17. What do you think are the differences between your songwriting then and now, if there are any?

TG: I would hope that I've improved, I don't know. Really I'm kind of self-conscious of my songwriting. I'm really self critical. And I think one of the things that really annoys me about songs I've written in the past (and something that over time I've made a conscious effort to avoid) is being able to explain a song. A lot of the songs I wrote when I was younger I honestly can't tell you what the fuck I was talking about.

SLUG: Your live show is amazing ... what keeps you motivated and able to play all out every night?

TG: Not every night is the best night, not every night is all out. But really just keeping it in perspective and in my mind what I am actually doing with my life; it's really easy to have a positive mental outlook. So that's a big motivator.

SLUG: Do you prefer listening to music or playing music?

TG: Playing. That's my one-word answer.

SLUG: Obviously, politics play a substantial part in the structure of your songs. How do you feel about music that is void of politics?

TG: Actually, I think politics are kind of cliché and lame. Bands that make a point to be political are usually full of shit. I was actually talking with a friend about this recently that the majority of "political" bands aren't really dropping any bombs of profound wisdom. Saying something like "this song is against police brutality" isn't really groundbreaking or going out on a limb. I mean, who the fuck is going to say they are for police brutality? Personally, I don't



SLUG: What do you think of Mr. Schwarzenegger's recent promotion? Do you even care?

TG: I think it's really humorous, actually. But I live in Florida and Jeb Bush is our governor. My life is really self centered and I can only have so much sympathy.

SLUG: What are your top three favorite bands of all time?

TG: Number one would definitely be **Crass**. Followed by the **Young Pioneers** and **The Clash**.

SLUG: What are you reading right now?

TG: *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* by **Dave Eggers**.

SLUG: Is it heartbreaking and genius?

TG: Yes, very much so.

SLUG: What is your favorite vegetable?

TG: It is so ironic that you ask this question. I can't explain to you why, just trust me. But my answer is potato.

Well, my answer would be cucumber. Anyway, there you have it, everything you could possibly want to know about Tom Gabel. Check out the new record from **Against Me!**, *As the Eternal Cowboy*, which is due out Nov. 4 from **Fat Wreck Chords**. And see them live on Nov. 17 for a night of thought and rebellion with **Anti-Flag**, **Rise Against**, **None More Black** and **Thought Riot**.

SLAYER:

21 YEARS TO AGGRESSIVE PERFECTION

BY JEREMY CARDENAS

"Forced in like cattle
you run, stripped of your life's worth
human mice for the angel of death
four hundred thousand more to die"
—Angel of Death

There is one continent, one mass of disaffected youth, and baby, there is one band to unite them all: Motherfucking **Slayer**! If Slayer did not exist, the press would have to invent them. Their songs touch on topics like Satanism, sadism, Nazi death camps and serial killers. Their fans are known to rampage for no apparent reason. All five of the teens featured on the "Kids Who Kill" episode of *Geraldo* cite Slayer as their favorite band. Slayer is played at prisoners of war to break their spirits. My hell, what better band to kick off the apocalypse? What better band to be the soundtrack to our Zeitgeist? If you are disaffected in ANY way, then Slayer is the band for you. Come along and join the frothy, seething, hate-filled mass that is the Slayer crowd. Have your ass winged over the rail and into the path of pure metal fury. *Bones and blood lie on the ground, rotten limbs lie dead, decapitated bodies found, on my wall, your head!* Who the hell sings about that? Motherfucking Slayer, that's who, and they're not jiving you, either. Go to one of their shows and you'll see all that and more, firsthand. I'm not sure, but I think I've seen

people die at Slayer shows, but nobody ever talks about that. You want to know why? Because people in the pit EAT THE BODIES, that's why. I'm not kidding.

Alright. Sorry to get so carried away. It's kind of tough not to think about Slayer and get all wound up. Let's dig out some history, shall we? Take out a Black Sabbath album and crank it at double the speed—now we're almost there. The year was 1983. This was the year that a young and as yet unnoticed Slayer made their debut with the song "Aggressive Perfector" on a compilation titled *Metal Massacre III*. I asked **Tom Araya** (vocals/bass) about this time period:

SLUG: Your first release was on *Metal Massacre III*, right?

Tom: I thought it was *II*.

SLUG: Metallica was on the first one.

Tom: Yeah, we were on the second one.

So, I stand corrected. Slayer was on the *Metal Massacre II* album and don't you fucking forget it. This compilation (8 volumes in all, just try and find them on Ebay) became the cornerstone of *Metal Blade Records*, who released the first four Slayer albums: *Show No Mercy*, *Haunting the Chapel*, *Live Undead* and *Hell Awaits*. These albums were a wide underground phenomenon, but the band received little mainstream attention. But who needs "mainstream attention" when you're Motherfucking Slayer?

In 1986, Slayer recorded *Reign in Blood* with producer **Rick Rubin** (owner of *Def Jam Records*). Featuring 10 tracks in 28 minutes, this is widely considered to be the ultimate thrash metal album of all time (for all of you who are going to write and bitch to me about my previous statement, save it). Slayer instigated something of a cause célèbre that year when distributor *Columbia* refused to release *Reign in Blood*, citing its references to Nazi "scientist" **Joseph Mengele**, amongst other numerous offenses. *Geffen* quickly picked up the album, which was the band's first to chart in the *Billboard* Top 100. When I asked Tom about the song and the surrounding controversy, he had this to say:

SLUG: Some people saw "Angel of Death" as anti-Semitic, how did that affect you?

Tom: The content and the message of the song were pretty obvious. I'm not going to throw wood on anyone's fire and say who was wrong. To me, I didn't think much of it, and it hasn't affected us.

Starting with the follow-up *South of Heaven*, Tom Araya became the band's primary songwriter. The band's lyrics and music, to quote Tom, "Matured. That's what I would call it. We found a more artistic and articulate way to say things." Gone from the album were the usual allusions to gore and Satan, replaced by songs ranging in topic from war to televangelists and religion. 1990's *Seasons in the Abyss* was an album that combined Slayer's

speed and aggression with some excellent songwriting. "Dead Skin Mask" from the album became a fan favorite and reached No. 40 on the Billboard singles chart. This album was the first to garner positive reviews in major music publications, and solidified Slayer as one of metal's powerhouse acts. This year's "Clash of the Titans" tour that included Anthrax and Megadeth was one of the highest-grossing concert tours in history. During this tour, a feud developed between Slayer and Megadeth that lasted until the latter's demise in 1998.

SLUG: How does it feel to be one of the last true metal bands? Most of your peers from the period when you started are gone. Metallica's not that great. **Anthrax** is gone. **Megadeth** is gone. It must be weird to be the "last band standing."

Tom: I've never thought of it like that. I knew that bands were gone, but I've never thought there was any kind of pecking order to it.

SLUG: What are some of the bands that you enjoy?

Tom: I enjoy music, period. If it sounds good, great, but if it sucks, it sucks. My wife listens to, and I endure listening to, **The Cure**. After listening to it for a while, it doesn't sound that bad. Interesting stuff. I never would have heard it if not for my wife.

Strange what a female's influence can do to even the most unholy of us all. Anyway, it was at this point that our discussion strayed due to some undue outside influence (namely, getting massages).

Tom: Right on. Get a massage or something.

SLUG: What? Are you guys getting massages?

Tom: Yeah, I'm trying to talk him [**Kerry King**, guitarist] into getting one.

SLUG: You guys relax before you

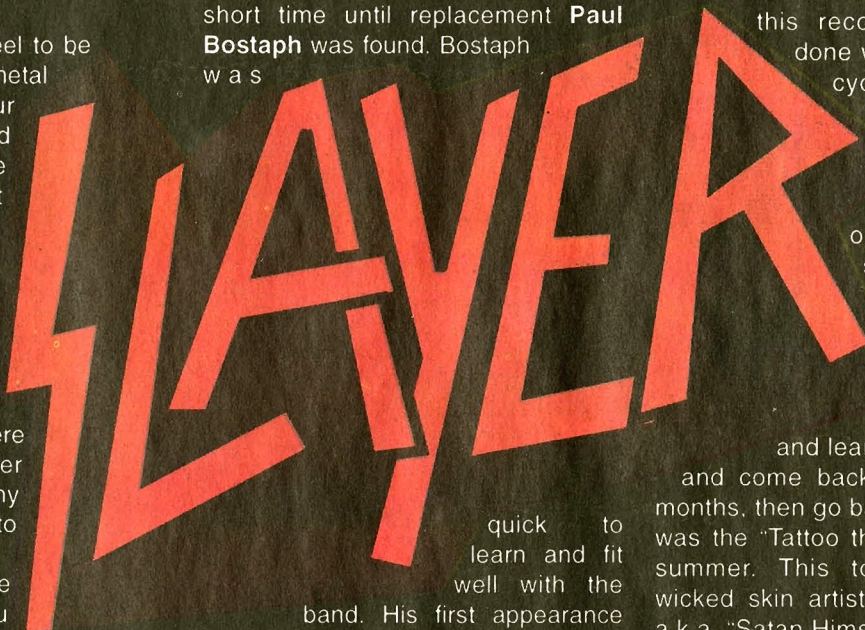
play? I thought you'd have to be pretty pissed off to be Slayer.

Tom: No, I don't relax. I pace my ass off before a show.

SLUG: I bet. I thought you guys might kill a baby or something before you go out there.

Tom: No. We save that for Halloween these days. (laughs)

In 1992, after the release of double-CD retrospective *Decade of Aggression*, Slayer saw the departure of drummer **Dave Lombardo**. Bad blood, ailing backs and a drummerless band slowed the Slayer machine for a short time until replacement **Paul Bostaph** was found. Bostaph was a



quick to learn and fit well with the band. His first appearance was on 1994's *Divine Intervention*. This album's sleeve had a fan's arm with the band's name carved by a razor blade. Now I don't know where you're from, but for me, that spells dedication. When asked why he carved the band's name into his arm, the fan replied, and I quote, "Fuckin' Slayer!" just like he should.

In 1996, Slayer departed from their unholy path to record an album of punk rock cover songs.

Undisputed Attitude showcased some of the band's early influences (albeit in a completely Slayer fashion) and received a somewhat polarized reception amongst fans. Little did the unholy minions know that Slayer would all but disappear for two years before releasing *Diabolus*

in *Musica*. For this album, Slayer returned to Rick Rubin because of his hands-off approach to recording their music, and innate ability to know the sounds the band was trying to achieve.

On September 11, 2001 (yeah, freaky, isn't it?) Slayer released *God Hates Us All*, the band's most current full-length album. Almost 20 years after Slayer first started blending the heavy riffs of metal with the anger and violence of punk, the next chapter in the Slayer story was written.

"We started working on this record after we got done with a long touring cycle, but prior to Ozzfest '99," says guitarist Jeff Hanneman. "And every three or four months, something would come to side-track us, so we couldn't finish it. We'd have to take a break and learn stuff for Ozzfest

and come back, work for a few months, then go back to work. There was the "Tattoo the Earth" tour last summer. This tour featured the wicked skin artistry of Paul Booth, a.k.a. "Satan Himself" who has been the band's personal choice for tattoo work. Check out his webpage at www.darkimages.com for some inspiration. As intense a record as Slayer has ever recorded, *God Hates Us All* found Kerry King and Jeff Hanneman stripping the songwriting down to the essentials, trimming the fat and keeping the fury.

What's next for Slayer? The band will be releasing *Soundtrack to the Apocalypse*, a 4-CD plus DVD retrospective of the band's career that includes all of their best material. Also, catch Slayer live at Saltair on Nov. 17 with **Hatebreed** and **Arch Enemy**. This tour is sponsored by Jägermeister and promises to be the most insane thing you have ever seen or you get your cash back. But don't quote me on that.

Life After DKM: Mike McColgan Takes it to the Streets

By Carly Jettzer

After leaving one of the most groundbreaking and crowd-pleasing punk bands to ever come out of Boston, former **Dropkick Murphys** frontman **Mike McColgan** is behind the microphone once again with his new band **Street Dogs**. Mike's new songs still gush with a tactile love for Boston, tell fascinating stories of real people and places, and echo with the yells of the common worker, but this time, he left the bagpipes, accordions, and tin whistles at home. **Street Dogs** are a straight ahead punk band. And hey, what the hell is wrong with that?

SLUG: You left Dropkick Murphys in '99, after *Do or Die* came out, right?

Mike: Actually it was '98, April 4, 1998.

SLUG: And you just left to become a firefighter, or was there more to it than that?

Mike: Well, I definitely wanted to get into public safety and become a firefighter. I'd taken the exams. My heart, my mind, and all my aspirations were geared toward that. So I didn't think it was fair to the band for me to be thinking and feeling that way and staying in the band. I wasn't able to give them 100 percent. It was a very amicable departure though, there was no bad blood or hostility or creative differences or any of that crap that you hear about. I still talk to **Ken [Casey]** all the time. Ken and **Al [Barr]** sang on the song *Stand Up* on the album. So there's still a fraternal sense between the two outfits, **Street Dogs** and **Dropkick Murphys**.

SLUG: How did the transition from Dropkick Murphys affect you? Was it a good change, a happy change?

Mike: It's funny, when I made the decision to leave, I thought that my whole life I might be beset with wondering if I made the right decision. But I've found that I've never second-guessed it. I'm content being a Boston firefighter and being in a new band. I've never really looked back, which is odd, cause when I made it, I figured I would. No regrets though.

SLUG: So what made you decide to come back now? And what made you pick **Street Dogs**?

Mike: Well I think it all started with **Jeff Erna**, who back in '96, was the original drummer of Dropkick Murphys, for the *Boys on the Dock* EP. He had been jamming some songs with a guy by the name of **Rob Guidotti**, our guitar player, and Jeff had suggested to Rob that my voice would be workable with the songs, that I could maybe bring the songs to life a little bit more. So I agreed to come down, and things took off from there. We started jamming and rehearsing and the songs took shape, and I started writing lyrics. So we formed up a seven song

demo, and that started circulating and we got interest from a couple of labels. **Crosscheck Records**, which is an imprint of **CMH Records** based in Los Angeles sent us a deal and they were really interested in signing us. We went in and we were recorded the record and we brought **Johnny Rioux** onboard as a bass player and everything has been evolving more and more each passing day. And that's pretty much the story.

SLUG: Do you still do firefighting part time? Can you fit them both in?

Mike: Well I work full-time as a Boston firefighter, where I work four days on and three days off, and there's a lot of schedule flexibility with the job. So, I do what I can do, and the band does what

it can do and so far we've been able to maintain commitments and playing shows and everything. I love the music and I love being in the band and it seems like we've gotten a much bigger and better response from people than we had ever anticipated. We played some regional shows in New York with **Flogging Molly** recently and one night in Buffalo we ended up playing two sold out shows, and we got a really good response from the crowd. It's been fun.

SLUG: Did you write or play any music in between DKM and **Street Dogs**?

Mike: I wasn't formally playing in an outfit, but I continued to write. I've always written. When I went down to jam with Rob and Jeff, I had a lot of stuff already written, that I could take and mold into their songs, so it worked out well.

SLUG: How do you feel about the past two Dropkick albums since you've been gone?

Mike: I think they're phenomenal. I think **Kenny's** done a really good job with production, and **Al's** done a tremendous job taking my place and becoming the vocalist. He was put into a difficult situation and he did very well given the situation. In the last two albums, he's evolved and become the frontman that everyone knew he could be. I've found myself becoming a fan of the band, and I never anticipated that I'd be able to listen to DKM songs and like them and be comfortable with that. But I'm a big fan of DKM. I think *Blackout* shows a total evolution of the band.

SLUG: How do you think **Street Dogs** are different from DKM?

Mike: Well at this stage of **Street Dogs**, we're playing punk-influenced rock n' roll. We haven't ventured into the Irish style that DKM is known for. And that's just because this is where we're at musically: it wasn't a conscious decision to stay away from that or anything. We don't want to be pigeonholed or sectioned off and be expected to play a certain way, so we're keeping things openminded. We wanted to make a straight-ahead punk rock record, and I think we pulled that off with *Savin Hill*.

Savin Hill is in stores as of Sept. 23, 2003 and you'll have to hear it to believe it. It's not just a pick up where *Do or Die* left off. It's a whole new band creating a whole new sound on a whole new record. And believe me, it's a good thing.



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kilby court's second stage on hold

By Carly Fetzer

If you've never been to a show at Kilby Court, you probably aren't a true music lover. Either that, or you've been trapped under something heavy for the past four years. Kilby is everything a live music venue should be. Kilby is the Salt Lake scene. A fire pit, random dogs wandering around, cheap tickets, a small stage, only crates to sit on, a sense of camaraderie among the patrons, the lingering scent of open-mindedness, a lack of negativity and hate, local art hanging on the walls, no glaring bar signs, no rave lights and no backstage.

"Oh man, that reminds me of the worst show we've ever had here," says Kilby's proprietor Phil Sherburne. "Palo Alto came here on a tour bus with a driver and a tour manager and they were like, 'Where are our dressing rooms?' And our logo is 'No Rock Star Attitude.' They obviously didn't know that I was like, 'Dude, you're playing in a fucking garage.' And that's why we've never wanted anything bigger."

Phil is content to let places like Bricks handle the bigger shows, but he is not an idiot. About two months ago, he had the opportunity to expand Kilby into a two-stage venue and he took it. Two stages allow for more options, more diversity, and the opportunity for kids to see up to 10 bands in one night. There are two buildings on the property; the "old building" that holds 189 people and has been Kilby's only stage for the past four years; and the "new building" that previously held an art gallery and allows for 265 showgoers.

The expansion was a perfect idea because four years ago, when Phil took out all the permits and made everything legal to open Kilby as a venue, both the old and the new buildings were approved. "Since 2000, I've been under the impression that we were wasting space by not using the new building." Once the new building opened, about 10 wildly successful shows were held in it and Phil and his staff had a taste of the success the expansion could bring them. "We paid our utilities for the first time in years," says Sherburne.

But unfortunately, the city came knocking, throwing up a lot of "redd tape" and questioning the building's earthquake safety. "The new building would definitely pass fire and electrical and all those things; I guess they said it's just not safe seismically. After all, it is an old brick building." So as of now, Kilby's back to its original one-stage status, but Phil hopes to get the second stage back online if he can afford it. He says, "If this had happened last year, I would've said screw it; it would've been out of the question. But now it seems like it could very well be worth it. We don't want to be responsible for anyone getting hurt. Kilby's doing well, the local scene is doing extra well, and we want to help it out and expand it as much as we can."

When Sherburne transformed the wood shop with one electrical outlet into one of "the coolest venues in the country" (as named by *Esquire* magazine), music was just a way to pay for his art space. But since then, he's gotten a bigger vision of what Kilby can do. "We can make a local music scene, but for something bigger." Sound pretty vague? It is. But like all things brilliant and beautiful from the beginning of time, you've got to start small and you've got to start somewhere.

Though Phil tells us not to expect anything new in the next couple of months, in the interim, the same old Kilby you've known and loved for years will be hosting shows nearly every night of the week and reminding you what real music and art are all about. Support local music!



NOVEMBER 14 HAPPY

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OPTION SNOWBOARDS

BURTON

CD Reviews

400 Blows

Rehash

Black Rainbows

—James Orme

Before reviewing this CD, I was secretly hoping it was stinker. Just think of all the ways one could make fun of the name 400 Blows. But since they decimate everything before them, you'll just have to imagine how I was going to make fun of 400 Blows. More rhythm than melody, 400 Blows tickles the same part of you that can't help but pop that bubble packaging junk. The drumming on *Black Rainbows* is more integral to this record than any other recording I've heard. The guitar is pretty much the only source of melody on the record, so the heavy-as-hell sound forms the base of every song while remaining spastic, full of energy. The vocals are raw and rapid as they drag you into the disturbing darkness this band creates. The grooves are intense, so be careful.

Apollo Sunshine

spinART

Katonah

—Stakerized!

Apollo Sunshine seems to put everything but the kitchen sink into their recordings, including the kitsch, hypermanic drumming and baroque instrumental touches. In the sweepstakes for nerdiest bubblegum band in the world, this group is in strong contention. But the earnestness of their vocal harmonies makes them more charming and less annoying than someone like *They Might Be Giants*, to whom they've been compared. From "Fear of Flight," with its fantasy of pretending to be an airplane as a child, it's a fantastic world they spin. Sleeve photos that appear staged and campy are actually the drummer's parent's backyard, where the group built a studio. Mild psychedelia and lyrics like "making love I feel as though I'd like to fuck my way into the womb" hint at some real psychodrama beyond just the musical equivalent of playing with finger paints.

The Beatings

Midriff Records

The Heart, the Product, the Machine and the Asshole

—Josh Scheuerman

The Beatings? Haven't heard of them? Well, neither had I. I wish I had known what had been cooking over in Boston for the past two years now. This new EP is described perfectly on their press release as "Songs of Love, hangovers and transvestite bars. A set of slower, brooding tracks that explore another side of this band's eccentric and multi-faceted songwriting." The Beatings' sound is a juggle between *The Pixies*, *Silkworm* or *Superchunk*, depending on the listener's personal geographic rock influence. Although six songs is but a brief acquaintance for any band, this creation of colorful circumstance is a great introduction before meeting their full-length.

Blue Monday

Stab & Kill

What's Done is Done

—Rebecca Vernon

If you like your hardcore strong and bitter, 10 times more drugging than caffeine with no sugar, cream, Nutrisweet or any other wimpy softeners, then Blue Monday's your band. Despite having a name that sounds like a Tiffany comeback album and initials that represent a special moment in your day twice a day (if less, consult your doctor), Blue Monday more than proves their non-poser status with such ragers as "Run You Through," "Above and Beyond" and "Bite the Curb." Some of the song's riffs are even catchy (can you say "catchy" in a Blue Monday review?), as in "Scars May Fade." Even though I don't listen to oodles of hardcore like Mr. Barratt and can't make deft, subtle comparisons between half-a-dozen obscure Brazilian and Russian bands of the same ilk, I can say Blue Monday's toured with *Champion*, *Hatebreed* and *Stay Gold*, they're from Vancouver and if you consider yourself a clear-minded and happy person, listening to this album will make you feel confused, tortured and angry. This makes any band automatically cool.

The Business

Burning Heart Records

Hardcore Hooligan

—Nate

I guess being from England qualifies them as European, but I never thought that Burning Heart, an Epitaph subsidiary from across the pond and home of the far less terrifying *Millencolin* and *INC*, would employ a straight-up, no bullshit Oi! punk band such as these fellers are. Who else but The Business would put out an album with a lion holding a pair of sledgehammers while standing on a soccerball on the cover? This is actually the most toned-down, tranquil Business record I've ever heard, which means they stomped to death only one sound tech instead of their usual two or three in post-production with their steel-toed combat boots. These guys' sound has never changed much, and that remains true on *Hardcore Hooligan*. The riffs roll through the verses and the choruses all consist of one or two lines repeated over and over; perfect for drunken sing-alongs. As always, the Business take care of their namesake. Long live hooliganism!

Calico System

Eulogy Recordings

The Duplicated Memory

—Fat Tony

Calico System formed in the summer of 1998 as a group of friends who wanted to play music that adhered to no "rules." This holding true to the current day, this overly energetic quartet hailing from the St. Louis area take a variety of different elements from metal and hardcore and seamlessly fuse them with emo, punk and various other genres. This results in a rhythmically complex sound that defies the laws of musical experimentation. After solidifying their lineup two years ago, they have gone on to independently release two EPs with no formal distribution whatsoever and complete three independent tours (in the Midwest, the South, and another out East). To top things off, they have played supporting spots for such bands as *Hatebreed*, *Poison the Well* and *Hopesfall*.

Cave In

RCA Records

Antenna

—Kevlar7

Granted, this disc has been out for a while, but dammit! I couldn't turn down a chance to receive a free copy and write a review of it. While not topping their previous album *Jupiter*, Cave In has recorded a worthy follow-up. Pristine but powerful guitars interact with gyrating bass, driving drums and beautiful vocals to create a kaleidoscopic effect. Chalk me up as one of the critics who argue that Cave In did the right thing by leaving their hardcore roots in the dust and concentrating on writing diffusive epic sounds inspired by *Shiner*, *Hum* and very obviously so, *Failure*. In fact, Cave In covered a *Failure* song, "Magnified" on their *Creative Eclipses* EP. This influence does not sound pretentious at all, since Cave In has their own unique sound. While some of the songs are a tad shorter than the lengthy sagas on *Jupiter*, all in all, *Antenna* is a very gratifying album for an old fan of the band or any lover of astoundingly-made music.

Christiansen

Revelation Records

Stylish Nihilists

—Nate

I picked up this CD to review because I thought the band had a really cool name. Upon further inspection, I realized that *Stylish Nihilists* was the name of the album, but was still a really cool title and, in fact, encapsulates the sound and attitude of the band pretty damn well. These guys are musical futurists. They're college educated and use the knowledge they gained about classical poetry and philosophy to further (or form) their contempt for anything aged or not contemporarily relevant. They sing, "Modern is my theme, you're broke Baroque." Sporadic rhythms and crunchy/melodic riffs give them a sort of *At the Drive In* feel, only a lot more sensible and pessimistic. I'm super pissed I missed them at Kilby on Oct. 13th and can only wish I was heading out to New York next week with the rest of the SLUG posse to catch them at the CMJ Music Marathon with Joan Jett. Oh well, I'm sure they'd tell me that nothing really matters anyway.

CD Reviews

The Collisions

Windjam Records

Talk is the New Action

—seven5zeroryan

Massachusetts' The Collisions' somber-paced garage rock brings thoughts of a slow night at the bar or perhaps a low-energy Rolling Stones album. A throbbing pulse of bass accompanies minimalist guitar in front of a punkesque drumming technique, all set together to a low BPM. The energy present in this album never quite reaches its zenith; the songs are written like dance songs, yet remain anticlimactic. It would be interesting to find out if this band puts on a somewhat more "alive" live show. On top of the slow-tempo rock n' roll lays a track of painfully mediocre vocals. Lead vocalist Bo Barringer's monotone singing style lacks the personality of Television or the smoothness of Nick Cave, droning repetitive clichés throughout the 11-track record. It is hard to tell whether track 10, an intended satire, "Die for Your Country" is really a satire at all. The lyrics throughout this album may be rehearsed retro rock n' roll stock lyrics at best ("I live by fire, I die by fire") or just really bad.

Constantines

Sub Pop

Shine a Light

—Stakerized!

Are the Constantines the next big thing? 80s-looking sleeve art with a collage of traffic amidst teetering skyscrapers is a good metaphor for their sound, skittering artsy punk à la Wire, with a few math rock rhythms and even Radiohead jazz bits thrown in for good measure. But in place of Thom Yorke's despair, there's the affirming "Don't talk to me about simple things/there's no such thing/all a man can build is his vision," however ironically intended. Their energy points toward another possible path indie rock could be headed, now that garage rock has run its course, and this avoids the self-parody that a lot of groups use because they're afraid to risk being taken seriously and being judged on their musical merits. The Cons are at least trying to do something original, and rocking out pretty hard while doing it.

Criteria

Initial Records

En Garde

—Stakerized!

The route that brought Stephen Pederson to form the band Criteria began in the Omaha scene, where he played guitar for Cursive, whose influence is deeply felt here. After leaving that band, he moved to Durham, N.C., to study law at Duke, formed a band called the White Octave, recorded an album in a week, got signed to Initial, then returned to Omaha where he started Criteria. It's pretty much a solo project with sidemen from his local scene, including Desparecidos' keyboardist Ian McElroy. This album fits in with the "Omaha sound," except it lacks the emotional urgency of Tim Kasher and Conor Oberst of the aforementioned bands, though at times surpassing them in instrumental prowess. This guy is one to watch though. He says his music is "the closest I've come to painting," but I'd suggest that it's more like photography that still needs time to develop.

The Cut-Offs

(Self Released)

Fat, Drunk, and Angry

—Chuck Berrett

This is what 12-year-old punk rockers can do with shoddy instruments and a *Casualties* album (for inspiration of course). However, I get the feeling that these guys are actually in their twenties and fancy themselves musicians. The Cut-Offs are an anti-talent five-piece who started as just a fun project and ended up touring with a self-financed record to promote. Hey, more power to them! If they can make money off the Oil crowd (and I'm sure they will someday), then so be it. I do hope that street punk groups will stop proudly hailing themselves as drunks like it's a state of rare enlightenment.

Defiance

Punkcore

A Decade of Defiance

—James Orme

Before the *Casualties* and the *Unseen*, there was Defiance out of Portland, Ore. This brutal streetcore band has been putting out records, touring and basically working their collective asses off for the past 10 years to bring you the best street punk they could possibly make. This is a collection of singles and 7-inches they have put out in those 10 years. Most singles collections are not worth your money because of the usually low-quality recording, and most often these collections are full of songs that are already on other releases, but this is not the case on a *Decade of Defiance*. The remastering of these works make the sound crisp and clear and most of these tracks are hard to find. All and all, these 22 brutal tracks will make anyone think twice about wandering down the wrong alley in Portland.

The Distillers

Warner Brothers

Coral Fang

—Nate

When the Distillers first jabbed their self-titled debut album through the pupil of the public eye in 2000, few bands could claim the honor of being comparable, either stylistically or in attitude of flat-out ass-kicking. In 2002, their innovative second album, *Sing Sing Death House*, turned the fabled sophomore jinx infamous for ruining bands' careers into nothing but a sad joke. A year and a half later, after label and lineup changes, divorces and a slew of other factors that kept the question of the quality of their upcoming album nagging at the minds of anxious diehard fans, the Distillers have provided us with *Coral Fang*, and have proven that now, they are the only sad joke left on the table. Nary have I seen or heard of such a disgrace or witnessed such brutal magnificence plummet up the charts, and down from grace. Little is original on this record, and its creativity's only despicable rival is its pathetic (lack of) intensity. The songs are nearly unrecognizable. Ambiguous, wishy-washy lyrics glide dismally over poppy rhythms, almost insultingly engineered by their new, corporate fuck-buddy producers. They sound like what I imagine Courtney Love would write if she had kicked the junk, but still stayed grunge. The cover art is terrible and a complete Ray Pettibond ripoff. The last line of their press release reads, "So rush out and get your copy of *Coral Fang*, and don't steal it off the Internet, you little assholes." Yeah, that's edgy. Like Warner Brothers needs the fucking money.

The Divorce

Fugitive Recordings

There Will Be Blood Tonight

—Stakerized!

It's crazy, all the bands ostensibly wanting to remake rock n' roll yet sounding similar. Seattle is one of those towns that generates enough posers and genuine articles to make it hard to tell them apart. "I think that living here is gonna be bad for my lungs," The Divorce's Shane Berry complains like he's talking about some smog-infested musical L.A. in which style is all that matters. Elsewhere, musical witticisms like "Knife & Kids" cop plenty of attitude, emotional without being emo, actually rocking out somewhat raw without giving in to garage. "Every day I starve myself/because it's feast or fashion," he adds, not very convincingly, but it's the kind of lie you like being told. But then "Hearts for Handbars" cranks up the angst existential like a *Pedro the Lion* without Jesus, and they are captivating for a moment before they slip back into another rockstar pose.

Emery Reel

First Flight Records

...For And Acted Upon Through Diversions

—Fat Tony

From Nashville, Tenn., Emery Reel's first full-length, *...For And Acted Upon Through Diversions*, delivers seven vigorous songs fit for the quietest, most peaceful afternoon in a field as well as the most ferocious storm at sea. Blissful guitars and thundering drums are combined with hand-assembled, letter-pressed, die-cut packaging complete with transparency photo and paper inserts (all carefully crafted by the band, label and friends) to make one of the prettiest albums of the year. But while it's obvious that they pour just as much time and craftsmanship into what the album actually sounds like, it's equally obvious that there just isn't a whole lot that differentiates Emery Reel from any of the other "post-rock" instrumental bands out there. If you missed them when they passed through SLC last August, they will be touring throughout the remainder of the year before heading to Europe, but don't lose any sleep over it—you didn't miss much.

Flamethrower

Dead Teenager

Self-Titled

—Kevlar7

Listening to the first two songs off this band's disc, it's clear what groups receive permanent rotation in their touring vans' tape player. *Zeke*, *Speeddealer*, *Thunderflist* and *The Midnight Evils* are bands that play it loud, fast and with their balls to the walls. Flamethrower is right in there among that list. Carrying the torch of *Motörhead*-inspired metal-punk, Flamethrower is a group that takes motor city high octane rock n' roll to speeds inducing punishment of the senses. Tracks like "Coked Up," "Drop Out," "Rock-n-Roll," "I Want It All" and "Rude" are all testimonies to this band's seriousness when it comes to wasteful debauchery. Live fast and die young is a message that this band wants to ram up the ear canal of those listeners who live life like uptight prudish squares. These songs are not for guys and gals who wear their sensitivities on their sleeve. Almost every song on this disc blazes by at speeds of 110 mph. Imagine two trains on a collision course and the passengers screaming to go faster. This is maximum rock n' roll that is destined to give MXPX and Dashboard listeners nightmares for months to come.

CD Reviews

From Autumn to Ashes

Vagrant

The Fiction We Live

—Carly Feizer

The idea behind FATA is brilliant: two distinctly dissimilar vocalists and lyricists write their own material separately, then fuse their polar ideas together into one song. Ben Parri screams with a low, gravelly rumble that most death metal bands have wet dreams about, and Francis Mark plays Parri's nemesis with a tenor, Davey Havok-ish croon. Overall, I find the effect a bit distracting and incongruous, but some find that very clash of opposites to be FATA's greatest asset. Musically speaking, *The Fiction We Live* is a tasty blend of hardcore and emo rock with a metal gamish. "Milligram Smile" is my No. 1 pick on the record, but I would personally be happier if Parri's vocals were dubbed out of every song, but hey, what do I know?

Fu Manchu

SPV/Steamhammer Records

Go For It... Live!

—Kevlar7

Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant! Fuck Korn and all those so-called "heavy" nu-metal bands. They don't hold a single breath of pure groovin' ass-rockin' power to Fu Manchu. This band is the cream of the crop when it comes to 70s rock n' roll/metal. Take the stoner rock sludge of *Black Sabbath* and mix it with the pure Detroit soul rock of *The Stooges* and you'll only come close to the sheer genius of Fu Manchu. Shamefully, this is my first exposure to this kick-ass band, and this live disc has me totally hooked. The recording quality is simply amazing. All the instruments and the vocals are distinct and clear. The added plus to this stellar rock album is that the attitude and heavy thickness of the music could only be fully captured by two discs. This is definitely not a album for those pansies that like mellow pop fluff. *Go For It...Live!* is pure power rock with major grinding riffs in each and every song. Those who like their music coming down on their head like a sledgehammer, or longtime Fu Manchu fans, will be in a state of musical orgasm.

The International Playboys

Motron Records

First Album

—Kevlar7

The motor-city Detroit sound is alive and well on this kick-ass disc by a band who blends perfect punk with soulful rock n' roll that *The Candy Snatchers*, *The Chargers Street Gang* and the *New Bomb Turks* have perfected. Like a bad B-Movie, their music is charged with hysterical antics and low-budget energy. *First Album* is a skull-fracturing heap of primitive rock n' roll comparable to *James Brown* on crack fronting a hyperactive band raised on *Chuck Berry* and *The Ramones*. Highlights include vocally frenzied "No Good" and the funk-induced "Talkin' Trash," which will surely get the butt dancin' and the party jumpin' without sounding wussy or cheesy. Solid rock n' roll with a punk-rock backbone is what will be pounding out of the stereo for those adventurous music lovers who crave a fix for their revival rock addiction.

Jaylib

Stones Throw Records

Champion Sound

—Christopher Steffen

Knowing the diverse backgrounds of Jaylib's members, *Jay Dee* (Detroit-influenced) and *Madlib* (Los Angeles-influenced), it is amazing how unified *Champion Sound* plays. Even with Jay Dee (alias J Dilla with production credits for *A Tribe Called Quest* and *Common*) and Madlib (alias *Quasimoto* and former member of the *Lootpack*) trading off the production and vocals on every track, the listener never senses a major style shift. This album is a perfect example of hard-hitting, raw underground hip-hop. While the lyrics are not technically impressive, both Jay Dee and Madlib prove they can flow on point. What is impressive is the production, which showcases both members in their prime. Fans of Madlib will not find this album as warm and psychedelic as *Quasimoto*, but shouldn't be deterred as Madlib in no way slips here. For those unfamiliar, the production sounds very stripped-down and hard-hitting with heavy influences from soul and jazz.

The Jet City Fix

King Bee

Play to Kill

—Kevlar7

Listening to this record reminds me of this kid who works at an ice-cream shop downtown. In his mind, he's the coolest hipster because he wears an *Iron Maiden* shirt that he probably ripped off from his brother. This kid thinks he's so rock n' roll even though he probably loves *Taking Back Sunday*, *Saves The Day* and other terrible, nasally emo bands. This is exactly the problem with *The Jet City Fix*. Looking at the layout of the band's disc, it looks like they worship at the altar of *The New York Dolls*, *The Stooges* and *The MC5*. The band pictures are full of guys with twirling drumsticks, guitars held up in various *Pete Townsend* stances, and a singer with "rock n' roll" tattooed on his fists. The first song is bulging with rock swagger and fury that is fueled by the ghost of *Johnny Thunders*. After that, four tracks sound like the worst teenage bubblegum emo that makes even *Dashboard Confessional* sound spectacular. The fifth track, "Jet City's Rockin'" has the lead singer singing, à la soulful 70s rock style, about how much he loves and lives rock n' roll. Sorry guy, I don't believe that at all. The emo songs reveal how much of a "sentimental," weepy band you are. Wearing an *Iron Maiden* shirt or playing one or two songs like that does not make you a rocker, it just makes you into someone who is about the image (probably to get chicks) and not about the music, which is what rock is all about.

Kaz Murphy

Barn Wall Records

Devil In the Barn

—Stakerized!

Kaz Murphy has assembled an ensemble of over a dozen musicians for this country album. There's no "alt" prefix needed, it's just the real thing, banjo and all. Though a Seattleite, his use of Austin Tex., sidemen and the L.A. connection of studio & ex-X guitarist Tony Gilkyson make for an idiosyncratic mix, including a countryified to the point of a swinging version of *Jimi Hendrix's* "Castles Made of Sand" that isn't psychedelic in the least.

Maktub

Velour

Khronos

—Christopher Steffen

Maktub represents a quintet of musicians out of Seattle with a slew of influences from soul to rock and about twice as many subgenres. The predominant sound of *Khronos* as a whole makes me think of *Lionel Richie* or *Jamiroquai*. It has the sexy tone of a good soul album with a synthetic touch. The promo material calls it "heavy soul," which must refer to the moments when guitars kick in with distortion. It's obvious the musicians are talented with eclectic tastes, but through all the diversity, the album lacks any real hooks. Lead singer Reggie Watts can do anything from deep R&B to a pop-soul falsetto, but most of his choruses are forgettable. They sound like the world's most polished bar band, but I don't foresee them escaping into the mainstream anytime soon. It offers great hooks that have made the best soul albums last decade after decade. Maktub has promise, but hasn't

Mondo Topless

Get Hip Records

Go Fast!

—Kevlar7

Absolutely exciting and energetic garage rock with a non-cheesy pop flair. Think of all the right elements of bands like *Southern Culture on the Skids*, *The Fleshtones* and *The Boss Maritians* mixed with a guy who sings in a Tom Waits cigar-and-gin-destroyed vocal style. Tracks like "No More" burn with buzzsaw guitars and fiery organs backed up with engaging bass and drums. "Futility Dance" is a be-pop little number that shakes with tiki-torch swagger. "Panty Sniffer" is sexy perversion with propulsive organ and tongue-in-cheek lyrics that will have the party laughing as they get down. Their cover of *The Stooges' "Loose"* is fresh and spine-tingling, but not pretentious in any way. Get Hip records has always had a record of putting out excellent rockabilly and revival garage rock bands and *Mondo Topless* is a fine jaw-dropping and aurally satisfying addition to the label's roster.

Local Reviews

By Rebecca Vernon

Reviews by Rebecca K. Vernon & Nate Martin

NOVEMBER DEATH BY SALT UPDATE

Hello children, your monthly *Death by Salt* update is brought to you by Fischer Price, Vivid Videos and the Hamburglar.

We here in the honeycomb of numerous connected suites, anterooms and slutty elf workshops that is SLUG headquarters have intensely scrutinized every track that was submitted for inclusion on *Death by Salt*. We've narrowed it down to approximately 60 bands of the 205 who submitted, and it looks like it's going to be a 3-CD box set. Release date? Looking more like early next year.

We want to give an early warning: If your band didn't make it on the compilation, *please* keep in mind that there were approximately 145 other bands that also didn't make it. That's a lot of damn bands. And a lot of them were great. As much as we would have liked to include everyone that submitted on the comp, we don't have money flowing out our assholes. We had to narrow it down, as objectively as we could.

SLUG also wants to remind everyone who submitted a track to *wait until after Death by Salt has been released to release your track on anything else your band puts out*, and, if you got on the compilation, to even consider not releasing it again at all. There's been some confusion about this. This is a pretty standard practice for both local and national compilations. A collection of exclusive tracks is what gives a compilation its charm.

Thanks for everyone who submitted, and here's to *Death by Salt* 2004!

NOV. LOCAL CD RELEASE PARTIES: **Will Sartain CD release:** Nov. 20, Urban Lounge w/Tolchuck Trio, The Downers; Nov. 21, Kilby Court w/Coyote Hoods, The Fitness, Silent I. **Pushing up Daisies CD release:** Nov. 15, Albee Square w/ Aftermath of a Train Wreck, Cherem, Tamerlane. **Erosion CD Release:** Nov. 21 at The Urban Lounge. **LAST SHOW EVER.** This is not a "Jeremy Cardenas" play to get you to show up - it is for real folks. Be there. **Carphax Files CD Release:** Nov. 13, Monk's.



The Mörlocks, *Diary of a Sad Man* ...

Not a self-loathing descent into the blues, as the title of the album suggests, and not a rockin' party-bar band like **The Debonairs** and **The Drips**, as the name of the band suggests, The Mörlocks (*don't* forget the ümlots!) are low, aggressive rock with keyboards that would be stoner if only it were a little slower, slightly lower and if they didn't complete their phrasing quite so tightly. The 'Locks combine grinding rhythm, hot soloing, strong bass lines and a dash of psychosis ("Can't you see that all I ever wanted was for us to get along?") for a perfect accompaniment to walking through a biker bar at midnight in a small, nigh-deserted town in Kentucky. But hey, is that **Turbonegro** bleeding through in the "Get it On" chorus? (RKV)



Joel Pack, *Self-titled demo*

The packaging of this CD (a silver spray-painted case with the song titles written on the back in silver pen) made me think it would be crazy indie stuff, like **Scarlet** (maybe cause Scarlet had an eye-catching homemade case too). Instead, Joel Pack delivers songs with a sound of lame, radio-friendly emo-pop optimism (even if the subject matter isn't always) that somehow makes me feel less optimistic, but that could just be the medication acting up again. All the instrumentation of this demo is very smooth, the production clear and precise. "Talk Me Down" is the best track on the album: "At the top it's windy/I stare at the ground. And I'm reaching over/But no one's around. Tell me it's worth living. Talk me down." (RKV)



Will Sartain, *Beep!*

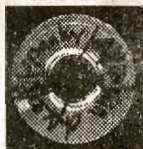
Kudos to Leia Bell for a great CD cover. Will's solo effort is mellower than **Redd Tape**; not nearly as hard-edged and discordant. It also seems to be a lot more personal lyrically, as in my favorite song on the album, "In the Dark," which has a weird sense of cutting desperation: "I've been scared to undress next to you. I can't do it. I can't change my fears tonight. Gotta fuck in the dark; God knows what for." Hand-claps in "Face Against the Glass" and "And So" add sass, and the piano glissandos on "Face Against the Glass," one of the best tracks, shimmer like a

waterfall. Piano and keyboards plays a big part on *Beep!*, appearing in almost every track ... and hey! There's even two songs called "The Piano Song" and "The Keyboard Song!" (RKV)



Foeknowledge, *Knowledge is Key*

This is one of the better hip-hop albums I've heard come out of the SLC as far as the music and rhythms go; and what's more, it's an activist/anarchist/vegan/straight-edge hip-hop album! "Foek is a vegan, I don't sleep with chickenheads," Foek sings in track No. 2 and "Everybody sing, 'Drug free till I die!'" in track 4. The message is pretty much in line with underground activist lit: you know, increase your knowledge, don't kill and torture animals, don't shop at corporate chains, don't be a modern pig. There's a paragraph all about it on the back of the CD sleeve. I'm sure Foek annoys some people with his strong personality and uncompromising opinions, but it's refreshing to see people who haven't given into the crowd just yet. (RKV)



Spanky Van Dyke, *Self-titled*

At least, I think it's self-titled. There's something written in fat black marker that looks like it says "Capsize" or something like that on it, so I hope that's not the title, dude. This is a beautiful album of subtle artistry. There's power in simplicity, as **Bob Dylan** and **PJ Harvey** more than prove, and Spanky Van Dyke uses minimal guitar rhythms, vocal melody lines and bare-as-bones drumming (Daniel Day of Cosm) to get the point across. Don't mistake simplicity for monotony though; the tingling crescendos, juicy, plush layers of warm instrumentation and delicate song-writing reveal a group of advanced musicians with a killer ear for music who know that less is more. (RKV)



Vell-Kro, *Credentials*

This album is terrible overall, but there are some parts that are really funny. Nu-metal mixed with "spooky" guitar-picking breakdowns ... it'll never be as good as Korn, as if that would be anything to strive for in the first place. "Sick and tired of those mind-deceivers, non-believers," Vell-Kro's lead singer spits out in the chorus of the title track, which isn't bad. In fact, Vell-Kro's choruses are probably their strongest point because they repeat in your head annoyingly for at least an hour after you've heard them, which is the sign of a well-written chorus. And Vell-Kro git funny with "Jimmy:" "Jimmy, what's up with your head? ... You got a big damn head!" Writing a song about someone that you hate is a good form of revenge, especially if they have a Mongoloid head. (RKV)



Various Artists, *SLC.inversion*

Put together by local electronic collage artist Aaron Cole, this compilation's theme is roughly local electronic/trip-hop/experimental industrial artists. There'll be some names you'll recognize, like **COSM**, with their infectious "lounge mix" of club favorite "Divinity." **The Stove** (complete with organ, bells and fiddle) and hopefully **a.vanvracken**, who appeared in this column last month. There are also some nice surprises, like the sultry **Godstar's** "Midnight Riders" and the intense and off-beat electronica number of "Claydo," a really strong number with near-jazz inflections and groovy bass, and the spacey, atmospheric **Alpha7's** "Lunar." Also featured are **Blizerk** and **Fisch**. All in all, a good introduction to Salt Lake's thriving, creative underground electronic scene. (RKV)



Endless Struggle, *Till the End*

Endless Struggle is a Salt Lake classic. If you haven't been to a punk show where you've seen at least one patch, one jacket or one sticker that says "Endless Struggle," you're either not from Salt Lake or you're blind. Endless Struggle have played with **Anti-Nowhere League**, **The Partisans**, **The Casualties**, **U.S. Bombs**, **The Unseen** and **The Exploited**. This is Endless Struggle's A-F Records debut, which came out earlier this year, and which features a picture of downtown Salt Lake on the back. It kicks ass. Get aware of what's happening to your local bands. From beginning to end, *Till the End* charges through thirteen bitter, burning punk anthems and leaves no prisoners. Painfully scathing and raw with plenty of backup shouting, my favorite track is "20 Years" with chorus line, "Live your life the way you want/But don't you preach to me." (RKV)

Local Reviews

By Rebecca Vernon



Queen Anne's Revenge *Cannon's Blazing*

How many times have you heard someone utter the phrase, "Hey, we should start a classic heavy metal band with a pirate theme"? I never have, but apparently, the boys in Queen Anne's Revenge have, and they thought it was a pretty goddamned good idea. My immediate instinct is to call these guys (sonically) a

Black Sabbath ripoff, only not nearly as dynamic. Upon further consideration, I've realized that, fuck it, these guys are cheesy and weird, but I'm down with pretty much anything that has to do with hiking up the Jolly Roger, raping and pillaging ... in a pirate sort of way, anyways. This disc is tongue-in-cheek fun (at least, I hope they're not being completely serious) for any fan of metal with a sense of humor. Like **GWAR**, only not at all like **GWAR**. Get it? Yo ho ho! (NM)



Ply and Reaper *Bad Dreams*

This is probably the best hip-hop album I've heard come out of SLC, but these boys still have a long, long way to go. It includes a lyric sheet, which, to my knowledge, is fairly unusual for hip-hop records, and nice to see, but probably isn't the best idea for mediocre MCs. I'd say that, overall, *Bad Dreams* is 50 percent good; that gives

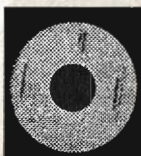
you an F- in school, but a helluva batting average. Whatever. Both these boys can flow for awhile, but then they run across lines like, "Why is all this cash and fame caught up with your god?/Are y'all scientologists? I don't need your half-thought-out philosophies." What? That's not only not profound, but it's grammatically incorrect, which, believe it or not, matters in hip-hop. I'd say for the most part, though, Ply and Reaper come out on top with this record. It has a lot of positive socio-political commentary, pretty flat beats (no samples, as far as the liner notes say) and a couple of really standout tracks, among them "Insomnia" and "Bastard," which covers (sensitively) the widely untouched subject of rape babies. (NM)



Mindlock *Beyond Good and Evil*

This album's title makes quite a brash statement, because, let's face it, there's not much to talk about beyond the realm of good and evil. A more apt title for this album would probably be just plain *Evil*. Yikes. These guys are scary. Not exactly a soundtrack for

Confirmation, if you know what I mean. Along the same lines as **Acid Bath** and **Goatwhore**, Mindlock brings it fast, heavy and unrelenting in every song, denouncing Christianity and praising ... well, I'm not sure exactly what they're praising. Songs like "Death Incarnate," "Cannibal Orgy" and "Necroeaters" all sport berserk guitar riffs, pounding bass and drums and throaty, catastrophic vocals. Their guitarist is named "The Heckenliab," if that tells you anything, which it might not. It's refreshing to hear a band with this much energy, but sad to think that all of these nice young boys will someday be rotting in Hell for eternity. Oh well. The foldout poster with art by Michelle Phillips is super-cool. Pick this up along with a copy of Nietzsche's *Twilight of the Idols* for a tasty after-sacrifice treat. (NM)



Secondfall *Demo Sampler*

Don't the words "demo" and "sampler" mean the same thing? Hmm. This is a two-track diddy from a group of kids who, by the sound of their music, are complete sissies. This is eight-and-a-half minutes of melancholy, powerless whining in the vein of one of those crap-ass "pop-punk" bands like **Finch** or some other shit that *Alternative Press* would

cover. Oh well, they probably get laid a lot more than I do. In fact, there's even one of those spots on the first song where everybody stops except for the bass player where, if this was a live album, you could hear all the 14-year-old girls in the crowd professing their love in high-pitched screams for their dream dates of the week that're on stage. For their sake, I hope that Secondfall didn't put their two best songs on this "Demo Sampler," because if so, it doesn't look like there's much of a future for them. Then again, it's not like any of this shit was going to last anyways. (NM)



The Habits

Self-Titled

Unlike their genre-mates previously dogged in this column, The Habits know how to turn out some quality pop-punk. Although claims of them ripping off **Green Day**, **The Lillingtons** or **Screeching Weasel** could all be reasonably made, any pop-punk aficionado (such as yours truly) will tell you that, yes, a lot of these bands sound a whole lot alike, but fuck it, it's the subtle differences that really count. Besides, who can't relate to catchy songs about drinking away your women problems? Tracks No. 5 and 6 are kind of intricate and pretty boring, but the rest is good. These guys take me back to my high school days when we used to beat up jocks for wearing **Blink 182** shirts because they were our favorite band. Hey, I was 15; I didn't know any better. I might even drive down to these guys' hometown of Draper (wherever the hell that is) to see their show. It might be nice to get out of town. (NM)



Jezus Rides a Riksha/Cryptobiotic *Split CD*

Being a professional music critic, I will attempt to analyze the aptitude of these two bands relatively to their genre and try to capture the feeling they would invoke in me if I was an angst-ridden teen from the suburbs. Ha! No, I won't. I don't even get paid for doing this!

Neither of these bands are good, but I have come to a couple of conclusions that might prove informative. First, that Cryptobiotic is a far better band. They have less of a rap-metal feel which, in my opinion, is always a good thing, and they remind me more of **Sepultura** than they do **Limp Bizkit**, which is less than I can say for JRAR. They do, however, have a song called "Pimp Slap," which knocks them down quite a few notches. I will say, though, that this is an enhanced CD, so it does rad shit when you put it in your computer, which is infinitely cool. I didn't have much of a chance to play around with the options, but they have some pics, internet links and videos that didn't work too well on my outdated computer, but I think I got the picture. Realizing that they're locked into a genre that was deadlier than dead last year might have urged them to expand in ways that don't have to deal with their musical capacity. Hey, at least they're expanding somehow. (NM)



Mona, *Your Favorite Thing*

Mandy Jeppson, the lead singer of Mona, is its focal point, and what a great focal point it is. Breathily, clear and sweet, her voice rises and falls like a dove swooping above the horizon. It can be delicate as china, while gathering a sinewy strength in some of the faster and/or more intense numbers, like "Sweet Sound of Nothing," "Good to Get Out" and "Loneliness Factor," which are three of the best tracks on the album. There are some great moments on this album; now all that's left is for the "band" part of Mona to catch up with Jeppson. The music's good, but has little variation. The liquid sound of the bells adds a unique touch, though. And featuring the second CD cover by Leia Bell this month! (RKV)



HandjobInvolved, *GetInvolved*

HandjobInvolved has some interesting spacy, dreamy acoustic guitar stuff going on that builds up a blue haze of fog and rain droplets, but the vocals need work...bad. They're just really out-of-tune and mumbly, and not in a way that shows they might have meant it to be that way. Handjob Involved is best when they add variation to their

songs, like in the more upbeat "Stealing," which has a good melody, "Lost With Direction" and "Roughestretch." The production sounds pretty jumbled and most of the time, the backup vocals aren't on time with the lead vocals. Get some vocal training, record with **Andy Patterson** or **Boho Digitalia**, and you'll be going in the right direction. If nothing else, though, there is a pretty kickin' hand-drawn Oluja board complete with punk cats on the inside booklet. (RKV)

ADVENTURES in Harleyland

By Alex and The SLUG Queen, Tia
Photos by Jason Brunner

I showed up at the Sandy Harley Davidson store for what I think was the 100th anniversary of the company. Frankly, I was surprised I made it at all due to the fact that the night before I had raged like some drunken pirate. Now, as any degenerate blossoming alcoholic knows, there are two ways to get over a hangover: 1. Take some morphine, or 2. Drink some more. I chose option No. 2. I had brought along some loose cans of beer, a 40-oz., and some dodgy bottle of dry Vermouth I had taken from a party the night before.

As we strolled up to the table where SLUG Queen Tia would be judging the "biker" events, I took notice that the majority of the "bikers" at the function looked a lot less like Easy Rider and a lot more like a convention of doctors and lawyers that happened to have a leather theme that year. The actual events turned out to be considerably tame, to my dismay. Tia did a good job of judging and I just kind of got wasted. Sandy was kind of a yawn, so we decided to head up to the State Street store where, we were told, the real party was going on. I wanted to befriend a biker in order to get invited to one of their parties and was fairly sure I could do so. I've spent some time in Daytona Beach, so I've been witness before to these blokes getting busy. These guys are not what you would call "casual drinkers." They drink like fucking bums, and some of them, as near as I can tell, have similar goals.



When we arrived at the State Street location, we parked at some strip mall next door. I bumped into two little kids with razor scooters and thought it would be a good idea to ride in through the crowd on a scooter dressed like a "biker." So I convinced the boys to lend me their scooter. The expressions on the faces of the onlookers were not the picture of mirth I had imagined, but instead were filled with a mixture of confusion and, what I believed to be contempt. Oh well, you can't please everyone.

I met back up with Tia and Angie, who were preparing to judge another "biker" contest. This turned out to be slightly more amusing than the last one, yet still pretty lame. There was a trophy wife competing in a best "biker" babe event who had enough plastic surgery to make Michael Jackson green with envy and a Chihuahua entered in the best "biker" dog event, rockin' a leather jacket and a prominent canine red rocket erection. Some band then came on whose name I can't recall, and during their set, I finally saw what I had been looking for: real "bikers." Their weathered jackets were covered in patches and their facial hair resembled that of the contestants on Bum Fights. I walked over to talk to them and immediately lost the balls to ask them about a party. I did, however, conduct a short interview:



Alex: I see you guys are drinking beers. Are the cops or anyone gonna care if I do, too?

"Biker": Not as long as you're 21.

Alex: Cool! (Opens 40-oz.) Well, later guys.

So they weren't that big on conversation. I walked back to everyone defeated. We left shortly after that. All in all, I can say that it was still a good experience. The food was good and I had fun. It was a change of pace from my usual Saturday routine of stumbling around my house in my underwear with a hangover. Well, see you all at Bike Week.

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Photo: Nate Millard

Sean Hadley ... aka "Dirt Hads" cleans-up with a switch front board.



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SLUG Yourself Video Contest 1st place Winner ChrisTaylor, smiles with the SLUG Queen, Tia. Chris is the recipient of \$250 editing time from Spy Hop Productions. Audience choice award went to Matt Silva & Mike Abramovitz. Thanks to Jonas & Osiris.



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Simple Pleasures and Supernatural Powers: The Snowboard Life and Fairy Tales of Tina Basich

By Josh Scheuerman



Tina Basich is a snowboarding legend. In any athletic sport, such a statement brings a lot of criticism if used incorrectly. Such a daring declaration must have some substantial girth behind it.

Tina's numbers of years snowboarding alone is a test of her longevity and stability in the industry. Most people retire, get injured or move on to have families or work in some other facet of the industry. There are only a handful of veteran snowboarders that are still in the game. Being a pioneer in a sport so young, Tina was bound to accomplish a lot in her career that made her more than merely "pretty good" for a girl.

Tina has been snowboarding for the last 18 years and is a trailblazer to the sport. Kemper was her first sponsor (also the only girl on their first team) out of high school in 1988, and continued to sponsor her for six years before she left to ride for Sims. To date, she has had 10 pro-model boards, eight of which have been her own watercolor paintings. Tina was the first girl to pull a 720 and an inverted 720 in competition, and has had the privilege of riding an untouched Alaskan peak, which she named T-Top. With the help of friends she started a nonprofit organization, **Boarding for Breast Cancer**, to help raise research money and awareness for the disease. She has traveled all over the world competing in world-class events and has raised the industry standard for female and male snowboarders alike. She leads a rockstar life without a rockstar attitude and has continued to inspire countless people to achieve their dreams.

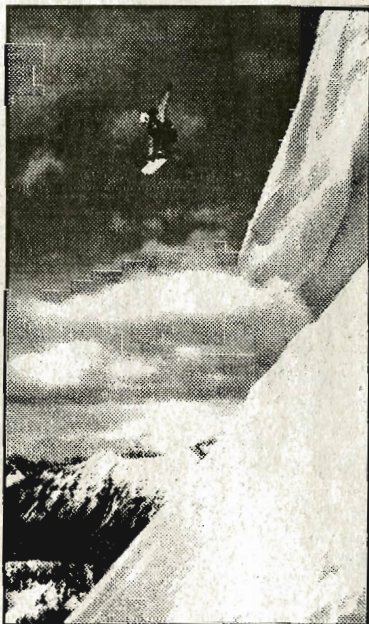
In snowboarding's infancy (1987), the problem of being accepted as a legitimate sport was coupled with the problem of not even being accepted at resorts. Tina's snowboarding life started at Donner Ski Ranch outside of Tahoe, but her life that shaped how she would become a professional athlete started from birth. Tina and her brother, Mike Basich, were looking for something to inspire and push them mentally and physically besides the repetitive, traditional sports offered at public schools. Being one of the only girls snowboarding was not really a problem because there weren't very many male riders, either. Around the country, small groups of shredders were popping up on the radar, and each resort had a small trickle of talent that started shredding on Burton, Sims, Barfoot, Avalanche or Winterstick snowboards. Winning locally at Donner, Tina entered the first organized snowboarding World Championships held in Breckenridge, Co. The Worlds offered her some competition that she had not experienced before and raised the bar for female riders in general. Having placed in the top three for contests held back at Donner and Shasta, placing 6th at the Worlds was an eye-opener and pushed Tina to become a better athlete, train harder and come back fighting for a better podium position.

Being a girl at the birth of this new radical sport had its advantages and disadvantages. The fact that there were very few female snowboarders to compare her to left her nothing more than "pretty good" for a girl. Turning pro after she graduated in 1988 instead of accepting an art scholarship to Santa Cruz was a huge leap of faith to follow her dreams. Her always-supportive parents helped to encourage and support Tina in her decisions and offer guidance throughout her life.

Kemper was Tina's first sponsor and the first photo shoot was held at Snowbird, Utah, with the Kemper team. Utah was kind of a hidden treasure to those that grew up outside the state, but the greatest snow on earth quickly

turned into a passion for Tina, who could not get enough of this newfound white gold. After the photo shoot, the Kemper team made a vow to move the next winter to town so they could ride as much powder as possible. For the next nine years, Tina would make Utah her home during the winter to improve her backcountry riding and practice for upcoming contests. Continuing to push her limits, Tina competed in various competitions, including in three X-Games, in which she won three medals, one of each color. She continued to film with several filmmakers and co-founded Boarding for Breast Cancer with friends.

On October 5th of this year, Tina returned to Utah for two stops on her book-signing tour. The first stop was held at Zumies in Fashion place mall. Besides signings and talking with each customer that approached her, there were also raffled prizes to win. Later in the evening at Sam Weller's, there was an older crowd gathered for a small explanation of the book and some stories contained within. Tina also treated guests by operating a slide projector and telling the audience about each photo from her book. After the projector and books were put away, Tina wanted to shop for her growing collection of books. As a child, her brother, Mike Basich, and Tina attended an alternative school called Waldorf. This school was based around creative thinking, music and art. The teacher told countless stories about fairies and gnomes. Tina still believes in them and this is what she was looking for in the catacombs of Sam Weller's. She found a famous book about the lives of gnomes and two other books about King Arthur and a few books from the early 19th century on fairies.

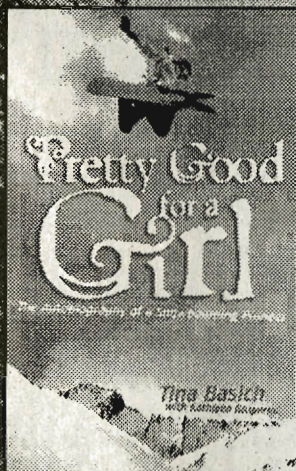


After buying and shipping the books back to her house, she invited me out for dinner with a few close friends. At her favorite restaurant and over her favorite food, artichoke cheese dip, I listened to her stories from growing up and plans for the future. She seemed to have access to a limitless energy supply that she had somehow tapped into years ago as a child. Maybe being asked to build and create as a child inspired her to continue to see things differently than most people. Her future plans include hosting a television series on Fox Sports that will begin filming next month and play through the winter. The days of huge concerts for Boarding for Breast Cancer have passed, and now it is a nonprofit organization with information available through the Warped Tour every summer, and is also involved with surfing and skateboarding events.

This season, Tina hopes to make up for lost time as well and ride as many powder days as possible in Utah. Overcoming the gender barrier at the beginning of the snowboarding evolution was a desire that burned within her. She has ridden the untamed mountains in Alaska, dealt with serious injury and changed the way the industry and the public view female athletes.

In the latest issue (Nov.) of *Transworld Snowboarding*, there is a tagline on the cover, Ride like a Girl. The article is about the top women snowshredders out there. Three girls ages 13-17 each did 900s at the last Grand Prix in Breckenridge, Co. Women are progressing faster and, a lot of the time, passing by their male counterparts in talent. This is the future that Tina had been pushing for her whole career. But, as the exposure shifts to the younger riders, Tina will be in a helicopter headed for an unnamed mountain with her hand-painted board beneath her feet, living the life of her dreams.

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The Burton Global Tour

By Josh Scheuerman

Snowboarding team riders have been around as long as the companies themselves. Each rider represents the company, their image and the newest shwag to hit the market. On each team tour, either skate or snow, there are bound to be plenty of kids around for autograph signings and free stickers. The riders are out there peddling the company's goods, but are also there for a damn good time.

The **Burton Global Tour** came through town again in October, flying in just in time for their autograph signing. DCP, Romain, Keir, Jeremy, Victoria, J.P. and **Jussi** all made it down to the Gateway Theatre to sign posters and to get their collective ass kissed. Later, **Gigi** would touch down at the end of the night, right before **Romain** was cuffed and sitting on the curb. Free drinks, stickers and Cliff bars kept the kids awake and full. The screening of *The Process*, Burton's promo video for the year, started at 7p.m. and ran just under an hour. The video will not be for sale, but everyone present received a free copy, so borrow your friend's. Highlights in the video are **Trevor Andrew's** opener with huge jumps and smooth style, **Jeremy Jones** killing those East Coast rails, **Craig Kelly's** part set to Pink Floyd and a remembrance to **Jeff Anderson**. Burton obtained footage of their entire team; men's, women's, am, rookie and kids. The video looks great and demonstrates the talent and solidarity of this global team. After a free season pass was raffled off by **Jim Mangan** from the **Park City Resort** and the free videos and shirts were given out, the party moved for those 21+ to **Shaggy's** down the street.

The previous night, the local reps, friends and local am Burton team had themselves a pumpkin-carving party to supply decorations for the festivities. Held on the fourth floor in the green room, the VIP party was catered by The Porcupine and refreshments were provided from a tin can in a plastic cup. The party was rockin' thanks to local **DJs Matty L** and **Sam-I-Am**. The party opened up to the public at 10 p.m. and flowed down to the bottom floor. The night was going well up until Romain was asked to leave by one of the bouncers. Stories got mixed up, but by observing what went down, the trouble-prone European did nothing wrong besides drinking ... heavily. The bouncer got sick of waiting for him to leave and finally picked him up, carried him out to the curb and called the cops. Speedily arriving, the cops then handcuffed the very non-hostile young man and had to straighten out the story from 15 different sources. They ended up letting him go with his fellow riders back to the hotel and the night slowed down. **Gigi Ruff** was still located at the bar as everyone was leaving and ended up being almost the last out of the bar. He arrived too late to be part of the party's leaving.

The night was a success to the riders and local shop owners who came out in support. The leaves are falling off the trees as I write now, and in a month we'll all be making our own trails. *The Process* is more than a movie; it's a movement that is happening every day all over the world. I'm glad to be part of that movement and I hope to see you on the slopes or the back-country soon.

"Romain DeMarchi: Role model by day ... bouncer's nightmare by night!"



Photo: Nate Millard



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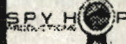
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by Josh Scheuerman

Action sports have finally risen from obscurity to becoming a widely respected national pastime. Athletes are writing autobiographies of their lives, most parents accept skateboarding and snowboarding as worthwhile pastimes and video games sales are on the rise. Tony Hawk launched *Pro Skater*, which was the initial platform for action sports alongside the basketball, hockey and football games that were already flooding the market. In 2001, *Microsoft* released their first action snowboarding video game, *Amped*. Featuring resorts from all over the world plus local bro down hang-out Brighton Ski Resort, *Amped*, digitally filmed and topographically mapped, runs to resemble the entire mountain, terrain and even buildings. *Amped* set the standard of how snowboarding should be represented in a video game, and damn if it is not hard to beat some of those pros in the game, which is not unlike real life.

Dropping Oct. 29, *Amped 2* comes with more steez than your grill full of platinum. The resorts and realistic backdrops take center stage again, whisking you around the world to Heliboard in New Zealand, night ride at Mt. Buller, poach Mt. Hood without paying for summer camp and shred in general Laax, Switzerland and once again Brighton, which has been expanded to include Millicent during both the day and night. Chris Gunnarson was also hired to design parks features like bigger jumps with longer transitions, to be placed around each resort.

Unlike the original *Amped*, where scoring points were based on sticking a switch 1080 for the highest points, *Amped 2* is all steez. It takes all the moves from *Amped*, adds a couple more, but also throws in the element of style. Landing a really technical trick gets you points, but more emphasis is placed on style and pulling a trick well. A slow rotation, perfectly timed tweaks and 180s can have more style points than 1080s. Also added are *Jussis* and *Peter Lines'* favorite trick, the "butter." There are butter rails and jumps for extra style points as well.

Amped 2 also allows the gamer to create a character that best fits him, and, yes, her. Different hairstyles, hair colors, clothing and genders let players mix it up with a video counterpart that best represents them, or, at least, who they'd like to be.

Located in Utah, Microsoft tapped the natural resources that included local top pros Jeremy Jones, J.P. Walker, Seth Huot and Mikay LeBlanc. The game also features international favorites Gigi Ruff and new-to-the-scene hottie Tora Bright.

Some of the snowboard companies involved for round two are Burton, CAPITA, Ride, K2 and Forum. Besides the snowboard sponsors, Burton and *Premier* showskates are making a name for themselves with entire runs of kick-flipping, shove-its and one-footed boardslides with the new breed of snowsports.

Being created right here in Utah also gives an advantage to local musicians. Hudson River School is featured in the game and might become a ring tone for mobile phones. *Medicine Circus* also made the cut for local bands that contributed to more than 300 tracks that can be skipped through while playing. Download your favorite music or listen to national acts *Yellowcard*, *Matt Pond PA*, *The Line*, *Arkham* and *Sunday's Best*, just to name a few.

Playing with yourself gets boring after awhile, so the creatures made multiple options for multiple players. You can challenge friends to one-on-one races (Sessions) or freeride (Just Ride). An online option through *xsnsports.com* allows players to form posesses to roam the mountains and challenge different teams from around the world. Once conquering all friends near and far, completing the game and passing all of the Legion runs, bragging rights will be awarded with an icon next to your character online. X-Box Live is another medium for friends to play and/or race against kids in the newly formed Iraq and other conquered nations.

Amped 2 has better character development, landscape and physics than its predecessor, which adds to the feeling of true freeriding. While all your new snowboarding gear is on layaway until mom and dad give it out for Christmas, buy this game with your saved-up cash from mowing lawns and hit the slopes early. Demo and Win *Amped 2* at Todd's Bar and Grill on Nov. 28 for the Shock and Awe party sponsored by Electric Goggles.

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2 answers to 2 questions:

- 1) Yeah DJ Chavez came back
to Utah for a second
- 2) Yeah this spot is in Utah



Photo: Shawn Macomber

SLUG
mag

Daily Calendar

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com

Wednesday November 5
 Spiritualized, Soledad Brothers- *DVB*
 Katie Lee-
 Ken Sanders Rare Books
 Irving, The Joggers, Noe Venable-
 Kilby
 Parts and Labo, Tyondai Braxton-
 Albee Square
 LMNO Collective -Burt's
 Ready Steady Go- W
 Last Response- Monk's
Thursday November 6
 Killing Joke, Amen, 23 Extasy- *DVB*
 Less People More Robots, Atherton,
 Bouncing Babies, Simple People-
 Kilby
 Jeremy's Rock N Roll Combat
 Debonairs, Knuckles Foley Igniters-
 Burt's
 Mona, Iberis- Monk's
Friday November 7
 Ozma, Deathray Davies, Arlo, Days
 Away- Bricks
 Kevin Martin and The HiWatts, Art
 Alexakis- *DVB*
 Hector Ahumada-
 Ken Sanders Rare Books
 Ashford, Morrisette War, Form of
 Hope, None Left for Leroy- Kilby
 Alpha Brown, Rope or Bullets,
 Brownham- Todd's
 Afro Omega- Urban Lounge
 Time Bomb w/ Oxido -Burt's
 Red Bennies- Monk's
Saturday November 8
 Slaves on Dope, DADA, The Drips,
 The Habits- *DVB*
 Paul Van Dyk- Harry O's
 Entereference- Kamikaze's (Ogden)
 Karl Blau, The Gift Machine, Monkey
 Knife Fight- Kilby
 Bonepony- Port O' Call
 No Quarter- Suede
 Middle Distance, I Am Electric- Todd's
 Redd Tape, Brownham-
 Urban Lounge
 The Wolfs, The Switch,
 The Load Levelers- Burt's
Sunday November 9
 Skinless, As I Lay Dying, Behemoth,
 Six Feet Under- *DVB*
 Cracker- Port O' Call
 The Body- Urban Lounge
 Open-mic Sweatn' Willy- Burt's
 Nadi- Monk's
Monday November 10
 Christiansen, Vendetta, Red, Armor for
 Sleep - *DVB*
 Tuff City Beat Down-
 Urban Lounge
 As I Lay Dying, Day Two, Clifton, The
 Piratus, Five Too Far, Third- Kilby
 DJ Curtis Strange-Burt's
 Almost Undone- Club Exposé
 Student Lounge w/Imno Collective-
 Monk's
Tuesday November 11
 The Chemistry, Zao, Beloved,
 This Day Forward- *DVB*
 Battle of the Bands- Exposé
 Hemlock, K1-2B,
 Something Must Die- Urban Lounge

The New Transit Direction,
 Red Bennies, Day Two- Kilby
 Blues Jam feat. Al Dine -Burt's
 Hybrid- Harry O's
 No Star Jazz- Monk's
Wednesday November 12
 Killswitch Engage, Lamb of God,
 Shadowsfall, Unearth- Bricks
 The Sound of Urchin, Bargain Music,
 The Sons of the New Revolution-
 Burt's
 Ozomatli- Harry O's
 Apollo Sunshine, Carrier, The
 Anniversary, TV on the Radio,
 Birdland- Kilby
 God Forbid- Albee Square
 October Allied- Undergrounds
 Ready Steady Go- W
 Mary Sound Transit- Monk's
Thursday November 13
 The Girlz Garage Tour w/ Brassy,
 Lennon, theSTART, Stiletto- *DVB*
 Murder by Death, Straylight Run, The
 New Amsterdams,
 The Format- Kilby
 Coolio- Port O' Call
 Sevenidust, Stalnd- Saltair
 Battle of the Bands
 Thanksgiving Point
 Stormy, 6-Sided Box,
 Tolchock Trio- Urban Lounge
 All Systems, Fall, October Allied-Burt's
 Carphax Files- Monk's
Friday November 14
 40 Below, Summer, Kittle, Motograter-
 Bricks
 Maladjusted, Twinge, Vomit- *DVB*
 High Violets, The Downers, Gerald
 Music, Free Form Film Festival- Kilby
 Mona, Iberis- Main St. Coffee
 Noah Peterson- Monk's
 Korn, Limp Bizkit- Saltair
 The Fucktards, Le Force,
 Wicked Diamond- Todd's
SLUG Localized: Rope or Bullets,
Ursula Tree, Purr Bats- Urban
Lounge
 Thunderlist, Washington General -
 Burt's
 Monk on Monk, Smashy Smashy-
 Monk's
Saturday November 15
 Boarding for Breast Cancer Benefit-
 Suede
 Pushing Up Daisies, Chereni,
 Tamerlane, Aftermath of a Train
 Wreck- Albee Square
 The Early November, Count the
 Stars, Copejand,
 Hidden in Plain View- Bricks
 Mindless Self Indulgence, Uncle
 Fuckr, Tubring- *DVB*
 Outset Phonic, Her Candane,
 Maladjusted- The Jamshed
 Lisa Mari, & The Codependents-
 Todd's
 Rodeo Boys, Black Nasty-
 Urban Lounge
 Seldom Scene Comp Release, Free
 Form Film Festival- Kilby
 Endless Struggle -Burt's

Sunday November 16
 The Queers, The Mad Caddies-
 Albee
 Wives, Agape, Le Force, Big Long
 Red, Hale Zuka's- Kilby
 Sticky Nickle -Burt's
Monday November 17
 Anti Flag, Against Me, None More
 Black, Rise Against, Zebrahead,
 Lucky Boys Confusion- Bricks
 Decibully, Craving Lovely,
 The Space Rocket,
 Rude Awakening- Kilby
 Slayer, Hatebreed, Arch Enemy,
 Skinlab- Saltair
 DJ Curtis Strange -Burt's
 Student Lounge w/DJ Rebel- Monk's
Tuesday November 18
 Caedmon's Call, Jars of Clay, Steven
 Delopoulos-
 Cottonwood Auditorium
 Gavin DeGraw, Maroon 5,
 Michael Tolcher- *DVB*
 Mazerati, Mono, Silence the Fall,
 Lifetime Warranty, The Microphones,
 Kazumi Nikaidoh, Tolchock Trio- Kilby
 The Joe Chisholm-Scribble Whips-
 Urban Lounge
 DJ Curtis Strange-Burt's
Wednesday November 19
 Brand New, Easley,
 Hot Rod Circuit- Bricks
 Those Peabodys, the Northwest,
 Sherlock, The Brobecks,
 The Good Bites- Kilby
 Helio Sequence, Modest Mouse-
 Liquid Joe's
 Guster, Trachtenburg Family
 Slideshow Players- U of U
 LMNO Collective -Burt's
 Ready Steady Go- W
 Daniel Day Trio- Monk's
Thursday November 20
 Hello Sequence, Modest Mouse-
 Bricks
 Bret Michaels- *DVB*
 The Will Sertain Players,
 The Downers, Tolchock Trio-
 Urban Lounge
 Mark Groden- Burt's
 The Body- Monk's
Friday November 21
 Unsound Mind, Hooga, From The
 Ashes- *DVB*
 The Ass-Wipes- Todd's
 Le Force, I Am Electric- Monk's
EROSION CD Release,
EROSION'S LAST SHOW!- Urban
Lounge
 Will Sertain CD Release, Ilya with the
 Fitness, Silent I,
 Coyote Hoods- Kilby
 Evergreen Terrace, Glasseater, Calico
 System- Albee Square
 Dubb with Send No Flowers -Burt's
Saturday November 22
 Calico System, Glasseater, Evergreen
 Terrace- Albee
 Static-X, Soil, Skrape,
 Twisted Method- *DVB*
 Callow, The Gravitons- Todd's
 Form of Rocket, Steve Turner and

Marc Olsen, Redd Tape,
 Tolchock Trio- Kilby
 Sherlock, The Coreleons, Wastin'
 Whiskey, Gretta's birthday -Burt's
Sunday November 23
 Small Brown Blke,
 The Oranges Band- Kilby
 Open mic-Sweatin' Willy -Burt's
 Mona, Handjobinvolved- Monk's
Monday November 24
 Sick Lipstick, The Vexers, Tyrades,
 Alchemy- Kilby
 Warsaw -Burt's
 Student Lounge w/Imno Collective-
 Monk's
Tuesday November 25
 Just a Fire, I Am Electric, Morrisette
 War, Last Response, Here Today-
 Kilby
 Mary Sound Transit-
 Urban Lounge
 Blues Jam feat. Al Dine -Burt's
 No Star Jazz- Monk's
Wednesday November 26
 Thrall- Kamikaze's
 Between the Buried and Me,
 Bury Your Dead, A Perfect Murder,
 Sars of Tomorrow- Albee Square
 Ready Steady Go- W
 Junk Drawer -Burt's
 Breakbeat Summit- Monk's
Thursday November 27
 Rock N Roll Combat -Burt's
Friday November 28
 Simple Plan, The Red West- *DVB*
SLUG Magazine's "Shock & Awe"
Night w/ The Red Bennies- Todd's
 SLC Bandits, The Peels (Seattle)-
 Urban Lounge
 2 1/2 White Guys -Burt's
 Stormy- Monk's
Saturday November 29
 Agnostic Front- Bricks
 Flesh Peddler, Mad Calibre- Halo
 Le Force, The Switch- Todd's
 The Body- Urban Lounge
 Zombie Zombie, What Remains,
 El Toro, Bounding Babies- Kilby
 Salt City Bandits- Burt's
Sunday November 30
 90 Day Men- Kilby
Monday December 1
 Mark your calendars to go to
 Brewvies next Sunday 12/7 for A
 Nightmare Before Christmas at 9 & 11
 p.m. all proceeds go to Death By Salt.
Tuesday December 2
 Mondo Generator- *DVB*
Wednesday December 3
 Dimmu Borgir, Nevermore, Children
 of Bodom, Hippocrisy- Bricks
 Ready Steady Go- W
Thursday December 4
 Vagrant Tour w/Alkaline Trio, From
 Autumn to Ashes, No Motiv, Reggie
 and the Full Effect- Bricks
Friday December 5
 Vaux- Kilby Court
 The Broebeans, IPX, Alisoran, NIMH-
 Ritz Club
 Dick Suckers- Todd's
 No Quarter- Urban Lounge

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11.12	MTV2 Headbangers Ball Killswitch Engage, Lamb Of God Shadows Fall, Unearth	BRICKS 7:00 PM
11.14	Kittie Motograter 40 Below Summer	BRICKS 6:30 PM
11.15	The Early November Count The Stars, Copeland Hidden In Plain View	BRICKS 5:30 PM
11.16	The Mad Caddies The Queers	ALBEE SQUARE 7:30 PM
11.17	Zebrahead Lucky Boys Confusion	BRICKS 6:30 PM
11.23	Smile Empty Soul Stereogram	BRICKS 7:00 PM
11.29	Agnostic Front	BRICKS 6:30 PM
12.03	Dimmu Borgir Nevermore, Children of Bodom, Hypocrisy	BRICKS 7:00 PM
12.12	Chimaira Soilwork, Bleeding Through, As I Lay Dying	BRICKS 6:00 PM

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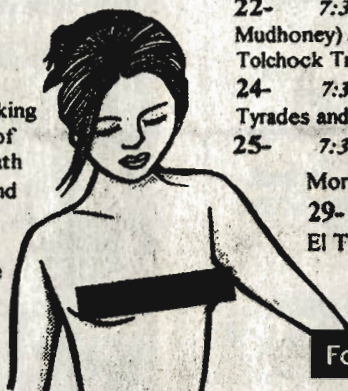
Kilby Court Calendar

November 2003

Since we no longer have two rooms, we are now doing some shows early, some late and some right on time. Please check the start times for each show!! Thanks!

- 7- 7:30- Morrisette War, Ashford, Form of Hope None Left for Leroy
- 8- 7:30- Karl Blau, the Gift Machine, Monkey Knife Fight
- 10- 6:00- As I Lay Dying, Day Two, Clifton
9:00- The Piratus, Five Too Far, Third
- 11- 7:30- The New Transit Direction, Red Bennies, Day Two
- 12- 7:00- the Anniversary with Apollo Sunshine and Carrier, TV on the Radio and Birdland
- 13- 7:30- Straylight Run (mmbrs of Taking back Sunday), the New Amsterdams (mbrs of Get up Kids) the Format and Murder by Death
- 14- 6:00- High Violets, the Downers and Gerald Music
9:30- Free Form Film Festival
- 15- 6:00- Seldom Scene Comp Release
9:30- Free Form Film Festival
- 16- 7:30- Wives, Agape, Le Force, Big Long Red, Hale Zuka's

- 17- 7:30- Decibully (Polyvinyl Records), Craving Lovely, the Space Rocket, Rude Awakening
- 18- 6:00- Mono, Mazerati, Silence the Fall, Lifetime Warranty
9:00- the Microphones, Kazumi Nikaidoh, Tolchock Trio
- 19- 7:30- Those Peabody's, the Northwest, Sherlock, the Brobeks, the Good Bites
- 21- 7:30- Will Sartain Cd Release and Ilya with the Fitness, Silent I, Coyote Hoods
- 22- 7:30- Form of Rocket, Steve Turner (of Mudhoney) and Marc Olsen, with Redd Tape and Tolchock Trio
- 24- 7:30- Sick Lipstick with the Vexers and Tyrades and Alchemy
- 25- 7:30- Just a Fire, I am Electric, Morrisette War, Last Response, Here Today
- 29- 7:30- Zombie Zombie, What Remains, El Toro, Bouncing Babies



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